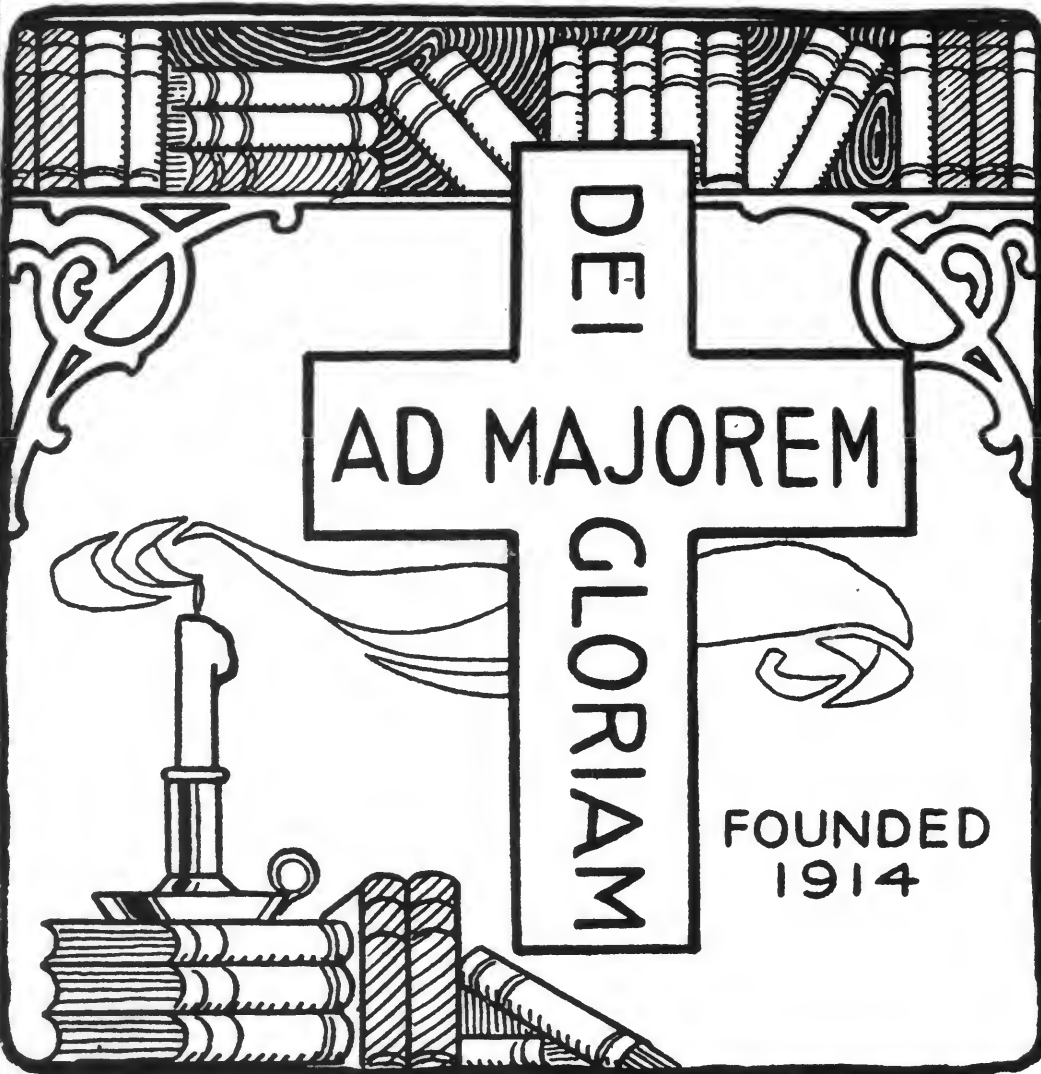


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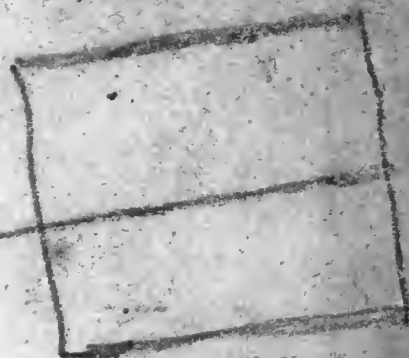
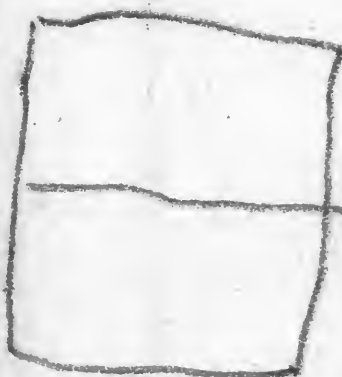
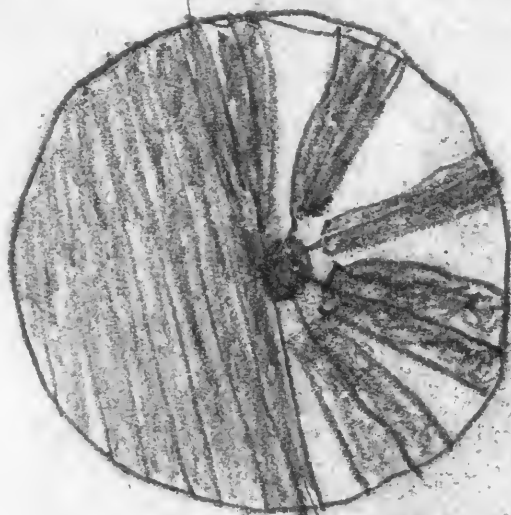
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OF THE LATE EXCELLENT AND PIOUS

MR. HENRY BROOKE,

COLLECTED FROM

Original Papers and other authentic Sources.



TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED

An Appendix,

CONTAINING EXTRACTS FROM HIS CORRESPOND-
ENCE, &c. IN WHICH WILL BE FOUND MUCH
VALUABLE MATTER ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

By Isaac D'Olier, LL. D.

SECOND EDITION REVISED.

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PREFACE.

IT was a subject of regret for many years among a number of Mr. Brooke's friends, that the memory of so much excellence and piety was likely to be lost to the world; since after the recollection of the present generation had passed away, no sufficient materials remained to be collected, which could be digested into a life of Mr. Brooke.

A considerable length of time has elapsed since it was first suggested to me, that such a work would be very desirable, and a wish expressed, that I would undertake it.

Conscious of an inability to do that justice to the subject which the character of Mr. Brooke so eminently deserved, I then shrunk from the task, hoping that some abler hand would take up the pen, and delineate his character. In this respect, however, I have been disappointed; no other person has yet made the attempt; and certain late incidents having

revived the memory of Mr. Brooke's name and influence, the subject of his life has been again brought forward, with renewed desires, that some account of so good and valuable a man, should be left on record, for the glory of God, and the edification of mankind.

Being myself very desirous that Mr. Brooke's name and example should not be forgotten, I determined at length, to yield to the solicitation of friends, and to attempt this biographical sketch; hoping that the candid reader, will make every reasonable allowance for whatever defects he may discover in the execution; and passing on from the writer, to the consideration of him who is the subject of the memoir, will dwell upon the excellencies of his character, and determine to follow him, as he followed Christ.

Mr. Brooke having passed his whole life in comparative retirement, it cannot be expected that there can be here exhibited, any great variety of occurrences: his having done and suffered the will of God, in the privacy of domestic life, is the leading feature that must distinguish him; and if some of my readers find themselves placed in similar circumstances, they may here learn from one who was a living example of God's faithfulness to his word of promise, that his grace is at all times sufficient;

PREFACE.

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that suffering grace will never be withheld in suffering seasons; and that they who put their trust in God, shall never be confounded world without end.

Mr. Brooke's religion was not a *mere* rule of life, which regulated the outward man; it was the religion of the heart, whereby he was renewed in the spirit of his mind; and his whole soul, in his spirit, understanding, will, and affections, conformed to the image of God, "the original pattern of the Divine Mind, and the perfect standard of that will, from whence all righteousness and true holiness are derived."

To have the divine properties and virtues imaged forth in the creature, is the highest perfection of that creature; "so as the divine holiness, righteousness, and goodness, might shine forth in the soul, and send forth light abundantly in the intellect, will, and affections; and that every action might breathe nothing but divine love, divine power, and divine purity."

Such was man's primæval state, when he came forth from the hands of his Creator; but when by transgression he fell, he lost this divine light, power, love, and purity; and darkness, defilement, estrangement from God,

and total weakness succeeded in their room : this was the fruit of sin brought into the world through the envy of the devil ; and mankind might have lain down in hopeless despair, were it not recorded, “ That for this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.”

How this is effected, the apostle Paul has instructed us in his epistle to the Corinthians, “ That God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them ; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation.” God has reconciled mankind to himself, through the sacrificial blood-shedding of Jesus Christ upon the cross, for the sins of the whole world ; and in consequence of this all-sufficient atonement, man is put into a capacity of being delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of God’s dear Son. Here is God’s love to us, and the effect of it, deliverance from sin, and a glorious inheritance provided ; and this produces in us love to God, for “ We love him, because HE first loved us”—even this love to God, springing from a justifying faith, whereby we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. The word of recon-

ciliation is now a joyous, and a profitable word; indwelling, and soul-purifying, begetting inward, and outward holiness; because the kingdom of heaven is opened in the heart, and producing a joyful hope full of immortality.

Mr. Brooke was fully sensible, that any thing which did not reach this experimental religion, fell below the standard of vital Christianity; and so far as we came short of it, diminished the value of our experience, and made the fine gold become dim; he therefore for himself, pursued after that holiness without which no man can see the Lord; and earnestly pressed it upon all who were engaged with him in the spiritual race.

For the digression contained in the 4th chapter, perhaps I should offer an apology to my readers. But however it may appear to some, I am convinced there is at this day in the religious world, too great a tendency for unqualified and unauthorized persons, starting forward as teachers of Christianity; and as the balance preponderates to that side, I thought it a duty, to throw some weight into the opposite scale. The knowledge of this fact strongly impressed upon my mind by recent circumstances, moved me to a closer consideration of the subject; and finding Mr.

Brooke's line of conduct, so strongly contrasted with that pursued by forward, and injudicious men, I have here ventured to declare my judgement, which if it serve no other purpose, will at least form a shade in the back-ground, to exhibit his portrait to greater advantage.

For bringing forward Mr. Fletcher to particular notice, I almost venture to anticipate the thanks of many of my pious readers: every fragment respecting such a character is valuable; and although one incident, (*and one only,*) here introduced, and three of the letters are already in print; yet, these having been written to Mr. Brooke, are legitimately connected with his life; and are such as can be read with profit and pleasure, wherever they are found: they are more particularly recommended to the perusal of such of my readers, as have not already met them in Mr. Fletcher's life, and letters.

The remainder of the work is supplied from Mr. Brooke's private memorandums and correspondence, which being written without any view to publication, supply little in a digested form: the incidents of his life are culled principally from the memory of his friends, and my own personal knowledge, and remembrance of what I have heard drop from his lips.

His memory is indeed blessed—the recollection of his name, and the sweet odour of that spirit of grace which continually rested on him, will ever be precious to those who enjoyed the happiness of his acquaintance. If to see him suffering has given me the greatest pain, surely to see how a real christian has been supported under such a scene of suffering, and how patiently he endured, has been one of my greatest privileges, and most instructive lessons: while bearing the cross, and sinking beneath the weight, his hand was stretched forth as for the crown; and the death-bed chamber was to him, the gate to everlasting life.

In the Appendix, I have subjoined such letters to, and from Mr. Brooke, and other fragments found among his papers, as could not well be incorporated in the body of the work: among these, many improving reflections will be found.

The letters, although all written for the eye of private friendship only, need little apology for their composition: they are the genuine effusions of a pious and sensible mind, well instructed in divine matters; and exhibit a lively portrait which excites far more interest, because it gives a truer picture of the man, than more laboured compositions designed for publication.

It has been my endeavour through the whole, to make it a work containing matter of profitable instruction, and for serious reflection: how far I have succeeded, must be left to the judgment of the judicious, and candid reader.

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* These two Letters only have been before printed.

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the office of the Secretary of the County of Cavan, in Ireland, in the month of November, 1738.

LIFE

OF

MR. HENRY BROOKE.

CHAPTER I.

Giving some account of his Birth, Parentage and Relations.

MR. Henry Brooke was born in the county Cavan, in Ireland, in the month of November, 1738.

He was the eldest son of Robert and Honor Brooke, who were the son and daughter of two brothers that were both clergymen of the established Church.

His paternal grandfather was the Rev. William Brooke, of Rantavan, Rector of the Union of Mullogh, in the diocese of Kilmore, who married Miss Digby.

This gentleman was a person of considerable talents and amiable worth, and elected a member of the Convocation, proposed to be held about the beginning of the last century.

He had two only sons; Robert, mentioned above; and Henry, who was called to the bar, the well-known author of so many elegant Plays and Poems, and other ingenious works. His tragedy of "Gustavus Vasa," is deservedly estimated "one of the foremost productions of human powers." His "Farmer's Letters," breathe the true spirit of genius and patriotism; and as well the piety as the elegance of his mind shine conspicuous throughout his "Fool of Quality."

This amiable author died in the bosom of his family, his fine understanding worn out with mental exertion, and his body with the weight of years. He had a great number of children, but they all died young, excepting one daughter that lived to survive him, Miss Charlotte Brooke, who inherited a large proportion of her father's talents. This ingenious and accomplished lady, gratified her country and the literary world, with that national and elegant performance, "Relics of Irish Poetry;" and shortly before her death, published a new and corrected edition of her father's Poetical Works. She was the well-beloved and flattering child of his old age; but in the very meri-

dian of life and zenith of her literary fame, she was snatched from this world, to enjoy a better, in the year 1792. It was her gratification however, that she had enjoyed the opportunity, by her dutiful and affectionate attendance on her father during his old age and imbecility, to solace the last years of his life, and smooth his passage to the grave.

Robert Brooke, the counsellor's elder brother, was a person of an excellent understanding and affectionate disposition. He married his cousin, Honor Brooke, as before stated, by whom he had four sons and one daughter.

The following letter, written by Mr. Robert Brooke to his cousin shortly before their marriage, will not be an unacceptable specimen to the reader, of a love-letter written rather in an uncommon style—the peculiar manner of the writer, declares the goodness of Mr. Brooke's stock, and the sweet temper of the family:

MY DEAREST LIFE,

If my love and esteem for you have been grounded on the highest merits I have ever seen in your sex, how must they increase, when to all the rest you add the deepest humility. Believe me, such is the defect of human nature, that the greatest saint must have this virtue, or be no longer such. The sense of our frailties

must lead to their cure; and the deep and humble sense of our dependence for this cure, can only make us apply properly for it. But there is great difference between the humility of the understanding, and that of the heart. Common reason, with a small degree of impartiality, can teach us, that we are prone to act many things contrary to our true interest, and, in many instances, ungrateful to the author of our being and all the comforts we enjoy in it. But the humility of the heart makes us *feel* this to such a degree, as to find little joy in what the world delights, much less in what it glories: it makes us sensible of our real poverty and want. We can find no rest till we fly to the only source of wealth and treasure, and there it makes us so importunate that, like Jacob wrestling with the Angel, we will not let him go till he bless us.

This is truly hungering and thirsting after righteousness; and thus a true humility is changed to the glorious ambition of being satisfied with nothing less than God himself, the fountain of glory and delights.

Dear Ony, this style of writing is very uncommon in a lover; but such a lover I am, that I want to put it out of the power of death itself, to part us but for a time, and I hope a short one. I want to mix the divinest friendship with the tenderest love, that making thi

sweet passion subservient, and a means to that glorious end, I may love and be beloved by you, not for life only but for ever.

Sweet Ony, adieu! and believe that I am, with perpetually growing esteem and love,

Your

ROBERT BROOKE.

Mrs. Robert Brooke was a lady richly endowed with all those excellent qualities which constitute a virtuous woman, an amiable wife, and a transcendently good mother. The humility both of the understanding and the heart here spoken of, she possessed in an eminent degree, so as to be discerned by a lover, and acknowledged by an husband; she continued through life a pattern of those virtues that adorn human nature wherever they are found, and died at a very advanced age, early in the present century, having survived her beloved and affectionate husband nearly eighteen years.

Their second son was Captain Robt. Brooke, (afterwards Colonel) who built the town of Prosperous, in the county Kildare, and was the means of introducing and establishing the cot-

ton manufacture in Ireland, after his return from India in the year 1775.*

But his patriotic exertions to promote the interests of his native country in the genuine feeling of that public spiritedness which he eminently possessed, proved the ruin of that fortune which he had so hardly earned, by well-fought battles in his country's service. No man ever made a fortune abroad with more deserved renown or greater purity, than Capt. Brooke did in India, where his military talents and conduct, and his inflexible integrity had

* In full corroboration of this fact, and as an ample proof of the benefit which individual spirit and exertion may confer on a country, the following extract is here subjoined from the Report of a Committee of Parliament, in the year —, upon the Petition of Robert Brooke, of the town of Prosperous, and county of Kildare, Esq. viz. :

“ Resolved, That it appears to this Committee, that the
 “ cotton manufacture was introduced into the kingdom upon
 “ an enlarged scale by Robert Brooke ; who after surmount-
 “ ing all the difficulties of its infancy, has at length establish-
 “ ed it at Prosperous, in a most perfect and extensive man-
 “ ner.

“ Resolved, That it appears to this Committee, that it was
 “ a great and spirited undertaking of the said Robert Brooke,
 “ when possessed of a competent fortune, to hazard the
 “ whole of it, in attempting to secure to this country, a ma-
 “ nufacture of such great importance to its future prosper-
 “ ity ; and that he deserves the protection and assistance of
 “ Parliament.”

been frequently and beneficially called into action.

In a letter to his brother, written from the camp, province of Corah, 800 miles from Calcutta, when he was only a Lieutenant in the service (1767), he thus describes his situation.

Within these last twelve months, I have been in sixteen skirmishes, two general actions, three sieges, and one storm, without receiving a wound ; but providence has often shewn me how near I have been to death : at the taking of the city of Allahabad, I was almost smothered by part of a wall, that was shot away by cannon, falling just upon me. I remained two hours in a village another time, with only twenty-five men, and defended myself till assistance came up that I never expected : it surprised every one to see me again, as I had been all that time surrounded by the Mahratta army.

At a place called Culpee, out of sixty men I commanded, I had twelve killed and wounded, and a musket ball broke the scabbard of my sword by my side. At the storming of a fort, three men singled me out, and I was in the greatest danger ; an officer shot one of them between the eyes, and another was run through with a bayonet, just as his arm was lifted to strike me.

“You know I am not very hard-hearted; such scenes as these, you may therefore imagine, affected me much. But I have seen worse effects of war, than that of the death of those who fight fairly together: I have seen women and children weltering together in blood, and towns set on fire after being plundered, for the mere sake of destruction. But on the other hand, I have, thank God, been the instrument often, to save those who would otherwise have been destroyed, and have been embraced by the father, while the children have kissed my feet in rapture.”

And in another letter, dated Oct. 1768, he thus writes:

“I joined the grand army then in the field against Nizam and Ayder Ali, usurper of Mysore; the first general engagement we had, I happened to have an opportunity of distinguishing myself, and Colonel Smith who commands the army here, recommended me to the Governor of Bengal; so I obtained a Captain's commission last December, long before there was any vacancy.

“I afterwards went sub-engineer with an army commanded by Colonel Wood: and the head-engineer being killed, I succeeded him, and acted as such during several sieges. At last my health being impaired from fatigues,

and catching an epidemical fever then raging in the camp, I was carried more dead than alive to Cuddalore; but by the blessing of God, and the kind care of friends, I recovered, and again joined the grand army, where, being strongly recommended by Colonel Wood, I obtained the command of all the grenadier seapoys of the army formed into a body for me, and was upon a great deal of severe service; till at length I was recalled to the northward, where our Bengal detachment was, another commanding officer being now there, and appointed to the command of the battalion of seapoys: but Col. Wood made the Governor and Council of Madras write to request my stay with him, till some decisive blow was struck in these parts. I was accordingly sent to him, and acted as his Secretary and Engineer; and a few days ago was wounded with a pike in my lip, chin, and collar bone, where it stopped; it was at the storm of a fort, upon the top of an uncommon high rock, which we clambered up at night bare-footed, the rock being so slippery, that there was no mounting it except in that manner; we were repulsed, and in attempting to get up some ladders we had fixed against the wall, I was much bruised with stones.

“Next day, Ayder Ali attacked us with about thirty thousand men; I had about three thousand. I was left with the wounded and

sick in a small fort; but finding the engagement continue obstinate from eleven in the morning till four in the evening, bad as I was, I got together about four companies of seapoys and two guns, and getting my horse led, I marched under the cover of some rocks, and all at once lighting on the enemy's flank, began an unexpected fire upon them; our own people thought my party was an advanced guard of the grand army, come to their assistance; the enemy imagined the same, and their rout soon became general: we lost a great many officers and men. Indeed it was the most bloody engagement I ever saw in India, and I write you more particularly about it, as I have had the good fortune to be recommended from all quarters for my share in it."

And a little after, in the same letter, he adds,

" Ah, Harry! did you know the feelings of my heart in this unhappy separation from you, you would pity me; but I know you do; our hearts sympathize, though so far distant. I might soon see you, perhaps, if I went home stained with oppression; but, indeed, I have no temptation to that, for my heart has ever had much more inclination to give, if in my power, than to take."

One remarkable instance of his patriotism,

disinterestedness, and steady uprightness, I have heard Mr. Henry Brooke relate, which is well worth recording :

Captain Brooke was sent on a mission of considerable importance to Ayder Ali Khan. After the ceremony of introduction, the Prince retired to an inner apartment, where matters were prepared for Captain Brooke's reception, and to which he was immediately introduced for private audience. Here Ayder Ali shewed him a heap of precious stones, and treasures of immense value, and told him he might take whatever he pleased.

Such a secret and tempting offer would have overcome the resolution of any common mind; but in the mind of Captain Brooke it produced no other effect than pity for the man whose sole good consisted in the possession of this world; he did not covet his diamonds or his gold, but turned aside from the accursed thing, and withheld his hands from the taking of bribes.

Ayder Ali never reckoned upon a refusal, and stood quite confounded; and after, in vain, essaying all his arts of persuasion to stagger the patriotism of the envoy, he was constrained to pay his tribute of reluctant praise to such a character.

By this noble conduct, Captain Brooke mor-

tified his enemy, gained his point, and exalted the reputation of his country.

It must here be acknowledged indeed, that Captain Brooke possessed the unspeakable benefit of a religious education; the principles thus imbibed in his youth, had strengthened with his maturer years; he had learned self-command by the practice of self-denial, and in this instance most nobly exemplified the influence which true religion ever retains over those minds which are led by its guidance, and was thereby enabled faithfully to discharge his duty to his King, his Country, and his God.

On the failure of his fortune in Ireland, Capt. Brooke was appointed in the year 1788, Governor of the Island of St. Helena, and shortly after raised to the rank of Colonel. This situation Colonel Brooke filled for several years with considerable advantage to the settlement at St. Helena, and to the East India Company, till declining years and growing infirmities obliged him to resign, and retire on a pension for life. He returned to England, where he lived respected and beloved, and died at Bath in the year 1810.

A younger brother, whose name was Digby, followed Captain Brooke to the East Indies. He was a young man of very promising talents, amiable disposition, and a remarkably expert

engineer. He had hitherto succeeded in his prospects beyond his most sanguine expectations; but having been directed to blow up a fortification, he was rapidly executing his orders, when one of the mines which he had laid for the purpose, did not explode as soon as expected. After waiting a few minutes longer, and impatient for the result, he imprudently entered the fort without adverting to the necessary precaution of cutting off the communication between the mine of powder and the train by which it was to be set off; almost as soon as he had advanced within the lines, the explosion took place, and his body was blown up amidst the undistinguished heap of ruins.

One son more yet remains to be taken notice of; a son that well deserves to have his name rescued from oblivion, and of whom it is to be regretted, that so little now can be collected: his name was Thomas Digby, the affectionate and best beloved brother of the heart of his brother Henry. How often have I heard Mr. Henry Brooke make mention of his name with all the tenderness of fraternal affection, and lament his premature and early death, almost in the bloom of life; while all the unreplicable feelings of nature in his fondness for a brother, were sweetly blended with a perfect acquiescence in the wisdom of divine disposal.

Mr. Thomas Digby's mind was vigorous and

ardent; sanguine in all its pursuits, and wholly intent on carrying them through with success. He was a truly religious man, and had just conceptions of the nature of true devotion: he translated with elegance, while he retained the spirit of some of the pious Madame Guion's works.

But his attention to business had so engrossed his mind, that he got entangled with the world; and the pursuits of life, and anxiety to serve his family absorbed him for the moment.

While Captain Brooke was engaged at Prosperous, his brother Thomas was his principal co-adjutor. For a few years, business was carried on with very pleasing prospects in that town. But when it began to be discovered, that a picture sadly the reverse, must soon make its appearance, he sunk beneath the gloomy apprehension. In proportion as his expectation had been raised, his disappointment was insupportable: and in a state of painful mental disquietude, making a hasty journey from Dublin to Prosperous, he caught a violent cold, which quickly turned to a putrid fever, that terminated his mortal course. But we have just reason to conclude, that though he was *short taken*, as he expressed it himself, yet that his end was peace and rest, even rest in the bosom of Abraham.

Two hours before his death, when he awakened from a tranquil sleep, he turned to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Kirchhoffer, who was sitting at his bed-side, "Mother," said he, "this hymn was given to me in my sleep, and I awakened singing it:

To the haven of thy breast,
 O son of man I fly!
 Be my refuge and my rest,
 For O the storm is high!
 Save me from the furious blast,
 A covert from the tempest be:
 Hide me, Jesu, 'till o'er past
 The storm of sin I see.

Welcome as the water spring
 To a dry barren place;
 O descend on me, and bring
 Thy sweet refreshing grace!
 O'er a parched and weary land
 As a great rock extends its shade,
 Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
 And screen my naked head.

In the time of my distress,
 Thou hast my succour been:
 In my utter helplessness
 Restraining me from sin:
 O how swiftly didst thou move,
 To save me in the trying hour!
 Still protect me with thy love,
 And shield me with thy power.

First and last in me perform
 The work thou hast begun;
 Be my shelter from the storm,
 My shadow from the sun.
 Weary, parched with thirst, and faint,
 Till thou th' abiding spirit breathe,
 Every moment, Lord, I want
 The merit of thy death.

He sang out the first verse himself in a low voice, and begging of his mother to go on with it, accompanied her as well as he could, and then said, "Thank you, Madam, thank you." She said, "God is here;" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I know it, I feel it, Glory be to HIM."

Soon after he fell into convulsions, and spoke no more; but when Mr. Mealy, a pious friend, was praying the commendatory prayer, he lifted up his hands and eyes, and expired without a groan, in January, 1786, leaving a most affectionate and amiable wife, and several young children.

CHAP. II.

Of his Youth and Conversion.

MR. Henry Brooke, whose life we are now entering upon, passed over the years of infancy in the usual manner, without any remarkable effect of divine grace. He has left on record an anecdote of his childhood, which is worth noticing, as it strongly marks his early detestation of falsehood: "One day seeing an ox tongue going to be salted, and being told, there was a tongue that never told a lie, my heart smote me so with the recollection of all my falsities, that I wished my tongue had been cut out when I was born, rather than have the guilty pain I then felt."

When about nine years old, two dreams of the day of judgment affected him deeply, and left such an awful impression on his mind, as rendered him very serious and inquisitive about divine matters for nearly a month. Indeed, Mr. Brooke has mentioned, that the remembrance of those exceedingly awful dreams of the day of judgment, were never totally effaced from his mind. About this time, the pious disposition of a brother, who was a year younger than himself, became a very trouble-

some reproof to him—this sweet, heavenly-minded child, used to call his brothers and sisters to prayers, twice, and sometimes thrice in the course of the day. He died a few months after, in full assurance of the favor of God, and exhorting his dear mother to depend upon Him; and not to grieve for one, whom the angels were waiting to carry to heaven. Thus was he ripened for glory at eight years old, and happily gathered into the garner of his Lord.

During the period of childhood, Mr. Brooke was a very affectionate and dutiful son; the attention he shewed, not only to fulfil, but as far as possible, even to anticipate the wishes of his parents, and the kindness and generosity of spirit he ever displayed among his brothers and to his sister, endeared him extremely to every member of his family. These dispositions grew up with him, in a very striking manner; and a preference for the ease and happiness of others, remarkably distinguished him through life.

When he was about fourteen or fifteen years of age, his father endeavoured to prepare him for the holy communion; he longed exceedingly to partake of it, in hopes that the wearisome tyranny of nature, passion and sin, would thereby be conquered, and that from henceforward, he should be enabled to serve God. He

wept for the sins he had committed, and particularly for that of taking God's name in vain, and dreaded lest that sin would not be forgiven him. But his father comforted him with the assurance of entire pardon. He received with awe and reverence, and his soul was exceedingly strengthened in the Lord.

He now determined to begin a new life, with the fear of the Lord continually before his eyes; yet, all his vows and resolutions lasted not long; passion, self-will, and anger overcame him by turns. He longed exceedingly to be ridden of his enemies, but as yet knew not how; ashamed openly to oppose them, afraid to forsake them, and unwilling to confess his weakness: however, he lived unblameable, much beloved and caressed.

About this time, or shortly after, he was sent to Dublin to learn the art of painting, which had been fixed on for his profession. He was left in the house of a friend to lodge, where he continued for some time a pattern of morality, and set up as an example to other boys: this flattered his vanity, as he has himself expressed it, so that pride, and other evil concomitant passions grew apace in his mind; and now falling into unprofitable company, his religious impressions declined, and he lost his relish for divine things.

He continued in Dublin at this period about four years ; and although he had grieved God's Holy Spirit, yet it did not cease to strive with him : he sometimes looked back with shame, remembering God's former loving kindnesses ; and forward with horror at the consequences of having abused and lost the grace of God ; so strong at times have been the workings of his conscience, that in the midst of his sinful companions, he has set the terrors of God in array before them, shewing them how certainly they were going the downward road to perdition, and bringing him along with them ; and then in an agony of mind, would he turn them out of his room.

At about eighteen years of age, he was by the Providence of God called back to the country, home to his father and mother : here the restraint of their company kept him from gross sin, and served as a check upon his ruder passions and inclinations. But still he felt that his heart was unchanged, and his nature corrupt ; and so strong were the feelings of his soul respecting his aberration from good, his tendency to evil, and his own inability to resist it, that he has been heard to declare that he frequently wished at this time, that he had been born among the wild savages of America, who could follow nature uncontrolled, not galled with the stings of conscience, nor troubled with the thoughts of future responsibility. The aw-

ful apprehensions of death and judgment were now a miserable appendage to his existence; yet life itself was almost an insupportable burden, for the slavery of sin was inexpressibly bitter.

It is thus that God, in his wisdom, sees fit to deal with us, to wean us from the world, and teach us lessons of divine knowledge. Whenever we forsake the fountain of living waters, life itself is turned into a bitter draft; that having experienced the bitterness of sin, we may learn to be more abhorrent of evil, and prize the preciousness of that salvation, which frees us from the dominion of it.

About this time Mr. Brooke's youthful mind was attracted by the engaging appearance of a female to whose society he was introduced; and a mutual passion soon enkindled itself: he was however, providentially preserved from being further entangled by this snare, than having his affections for a while engrossed, which jealousy at her behaviour soon estranged, finding that the object of his love was unworthy of his esteem.

As a relief to the present unhappy state of his mind, he took to poetry, for which he had naturally a taste: to be a great genius and an applauded writer, he began to think was the summit of human excellence, insomuch that

he said, he would gladly have sacrificed his sight for the talents of Milton or Homer.

It had, however, this happy effect, that the pursuit drew off his mind from actual vice, and he now endeavoured to heal his wounded spirit by refined pleasures, and a course of outward morality.

He began also to give more constant attendance at Church and Sacrament: and although he indulged himself in some secret and beloved sins, yet he salved his conscience by the imagination that all did the like; that he was therefore not worse than his neighbours; a standard of religion, which unfortunately satisfies and deceives too many.

In the year 1758, Mr. Brooke's family removed from the county Cavan to Killibeggs in the county Kildare, about fifteen miles distant from Dublin. Here he determined upon keeping up the character of a strictly moral and virtuous man: but the Spirit of the Lord suffered him not to rest contented at all times on such a delusive foundation for happiness; it shewed him that he was a sinner, and that the good opinion of the world could never mend his spiritual condition. Being settled contiguous to the city, he frequently went to Dublin, and sometimes spent months there; where business, company, and gayety still kept him in a

state of dissipation, and a stranger to his own heart, though much altered and improved in his external moral state from what he had been when he before resided in Dublin.

He continued thus for about three years, when his convictions for sin were powerfully renewed during his preparation for the Sacrament; he felt afresh the horrors of a guilty conscience, and that the pangs of a wounded spirit were insupportable. His present feelings however, were drawing nearer to a state of gospel penitence, than any of his former similar exercises of mind: he saw himself truly lost and undone; yet, it was not so much hell he dreaded, as the having offended unpardonably so good a God, whose loving kindness he had before tasted.

Mr. Brooke had now arrived to that time of life, when it was natural for him to look forward towards making some settlement and provision for himself in the world. Several offers were made to him at this time to enter into the army, but he rejected them all, being still bent on prosecuting the profession chosen for him; and he determined to go to London for the purpose of improving himself, and in the hope of gaining an establishment, reputation, and wealth, in that great emporium of the arts.

But while *his* designs were purely of a temporal nature, he little imagined the spiritual riches which God had there laid up in store for him; and that while he separated him from his friends and connexions for a season, it was only to unite him to himself for ever. He now took leave of his friends in Ireland, in joyful expectation of returning to them with a golden harvest, the fruits of his industry and genius.

The perturbation of spirits in preparing for this journey, the dissipated company he met with in the ship and on the road, the amusements and follies of the city of London when arrived there, had so much gotten the mastery over him, that he again silenced and quenched all his repentant feelings: so that he found himself ill-prepared indeed, to withstand the temptations to vice which were afforded with such facility in so great a city.

He was therefore for a time hurried down by the stream of worldly vanity, although he still kept up the reputation of a religious character from his attendance at church, his outward decorum, and the gravity of his behaviour. This outside religion suited his taste but for a very short time; the deception did not last long; he had before this, tasted so much of the powers of the world to come, that this world, even in its gayest forms, could not give him happiness, or make him rest contented with it.

Mr. Brooke has left on record a description of his feelings on this occasion, which are thus related in his own words :

“ I began to lament the loss of my parents, brothers, relatives, &c. my solitary hours I spent either in ruminating on these tender connexions, or in writing to them ; this melting of heart, this feeling secret grief which spread a disrelish over all objects and all companies, sweetly softened and prepared my soul for the divine operations. I began to double my diligence in order the sooner to earn that competency which I only wished for, that I might return to my friends. But here the merciful, the wise providence of God disappointed me. Every scheme was frustrated—every prospect shut up—every hope blasted.—Instead of making a fortune, I could not earn bread : my money which I had brought with me was exhausted : I was too proud to let my wants be known, and under a cheerful face, I was obliged to disguise my secret distress. Want and absolute poverty stared me in the face—I wanted even to get employment in America, or the East Indies : but all was blank—the whole world was to me a desert, and the rich and populous city of London as void of sustenance and society as the sandy deserts of Arabia. To look for support from earth I could not, to look for it from heaven I dare not. Oh blessed distress—oh happy

affliction—oh rich poverty—rich indeed with all the blessings of a crucified Jesus.—Now the door of my heart was opened, for the Lord had made an entrance for himself—he had forced the passage, and burst the gates of my will that had so barred him out. My convictions were renewed, my repentance deepened daily. I began to call to mind the books that had most profited me when a child. “Law’s Serious Call,” I bought and read attentively; it put me on the road—I found prayer was the way, but how to pray I knew not.—Manuals, &c. were lifeless and cold to me, I met with none I could like. I heard of “Mr. Law’s Spirit of Prayer.” Aye, this is the book I want—but how much was I disappointed, when on turning over the book, I found no forms of prayer; nothing but a direction to the heart, how to make its own prayer; this I found mine could not do. I was therefore, still at a loss—my trouble of mind increased daily—company, amusement, business, all grew irksome; solitude and silence were my delight.

“One of my friends observing the great change, and seeing a book of Mr. Law’s in my hand, oh! says he, I don’t wonder at your running mad with reading such stuff. I knew a young man such as you, who from being the sweetest, gayest, wittiest companion, whom every body loved, became such a mope by read-

ing these books, that he was ever more praying and talking of nothing but God and goodness: he spake many things more concerning him, and such books, calling them *mystics*. When I enquired for the young man some time after, they told me he was dead. I grieved at this, as my expectations were raised, that he might have instructed me somewhat. I found, however, an insatiable thirst after these writers, I knew not why. I searched London for above three weeks, and at length found some of the books which had so profited the young man, and been instrumental in making him so spiritually minded. I read them, and the light of God's spirit shone upon my mind. I began to see things as through a glass darkly; I saw heights and depths in religion; and the spirituality of God's law, confusedly indeed as yet, but I felt the divine unction on my heart while I read. I saw our fall, its depth and misery, the depravity of our present nature, and original sin. I saw the necessity and beauty of redemption, and the nature and efficacy of the atonement of Christ Jesus. I saw the freeness of salvation, and that faith was the way to obtain it.

Sin raged in my members; snares beset me on every side, I fell daily captive by the enemy; God vehemently attracted me: prayer grew stronger and stronger; in the struggle,

divine sweetness at times melted and refreshed my soul; and like Jonathan's rod dipped in the honey, enlightened mine eyes, and strengthened me for the battle. At length, God gained himself the victory, and I yielded up myself to his love. Who can describe the glory of this garland of victory, wherewith he crowns the soul—or the seal-ring whereby he weds it to himself—or the garment wherewith he clothes it—or the joy and transport of heart, in this hour of inexpressible delight?

Sin now departed for a season; and God having accomplished this work and compelled me to come in, restored me every thing he had taken from me—friends, business, money—I had enough immediately of all I wanted, and some to spare for those to whom God pleased to lead me.

Now some who had caressed me for my outside religion, so suited to their own, began to despise me, and ridicule my pretensions to an heart salvation. I saw their deception; I loved and pitied them, and endeavoured to set them right, but in vain. I saw how the whole world was deceived by sin, and lieth in wickedness. I imagined all were lost, all drowned in sin, as in the time of Noah, and I only left upon the face of the earth to live before God."

But it pleased almighty wisdom soon to undeceive him in respect to this narrow conception of his mind; in God's visible church, there are multitudes of true spiritual worshippers, with many of whom Mr. Brooke soon became acquainted, and tasted the fruits of sweet christian fellowship.

CHAP. III.

Of his being early intended for the Ministry : his own exercises of mind on this subject, and containing some further particulars of his conversion and life till his settlement in the world.

MR. Brooke had been originally designed by his parents for the service of the Church : they had given him an early religious education ; he was initiated when very young in the Latin and Greek languages, and his early proficiency, accompanied with a remarkably sweet natural temper, afforded a very pleasing prospect to his parents and friends.

But while still in tender years, he became extremely weak and sickly, and, by an accident, almost blind ; insomuch that he was ordered by the physicians to quit study, and take all the recreation his strength would admit.

This circumstance principally caused a change in the course of life intended for him ; and when he had sufficiently recovered his health and sight to enable him to resume application to study, his pursuits were directed to other objects.

And here we cannot but pause to reflect on the unsearchable dispensations of divine Providence, whose ways are past our finding out. To all human appearance, Mr. Brooke would have made an eminent minister of Christ; his sound understanding; his early acquaintance with experimental religion; his expansive and benevolent mind; his love for theological studies; and his ready talent for communication; were all so many qualifications that seemed to mark him out a ready workman, fit and prepared to discharge the ministerial functions with edification to the church, and to the glory of God.

Yet it pleased God to lay him aside, and leave us in silence to adore his wisdom.

Mr. Brooke's own ardent and pious mind, strongly impressed with a sense of his obligations to his good and gracious benefactor, fired with divine love, and full of zeal for the salvation of precious souls, earnestly longed to declare to a lost and ruined world, that gospel which he had found to be the power of God unto his own salvation. Of this we have ample proof in a letter written to the Rev. John Wesley, in April 1765, of which he kept a copy, wherein he fully expresses his mind to Mr. Wesley on the subject of his preaching the gospel, and likewise gives some account of his

conversion and experience. Of this letter I shall here subjoin an extract, as thereby the reader will be gratified by being put in possession of a sketch of his biography, written by himself; and which will fully confirm what has been already stated respecting him.

“ Dublin, April 1765.

“ REV. SIR,

“ Although I have not the pleasure of being known to you, yet having lately entered among your flock, I was extremely desirous of seeing you, in order to communicate to you the manner in which I have been taught of God, and led unwillingly to the feeling of his love, and the power of his salvation; that I might receive your kind instructions how to proceed. Both my father and mother were children of the clergy, and intended me for the church. They bred me up very religiously, and brought me to the Sacrament when about fourteen. I remember I had at that time deep convictions and repentance for some actual sins; but whether I was convinced of the depravity of my nature, I do not recollect; however, I remember to have the accusation and guilt of those sins entirely taken away, and peace and joy succeeded. I became a pattern and example to all young persons around me, for the de-

cency of my behaviour, and still remember the pleasure and pride I took on that account; but being shortly after left in Dublin by myself, vicious company soon overturned the laborious system of morality, and I became a wretched sinner. However, the fear of offending or grieving my parents, brought me by degrees back into a course of outward morality, which at length rose into a faint desire of finding rest and happiness in the reality of religion. Mr. Law's Serious Call, which had long been a favorite book of my father's, now and then affected me. I considered myself in the state he describes, as having enough of religion to embitter the pleasures of sin, and yet not enough to take any pleasure in serving God; and thus I remained for some time.

“ In the year 1761, the convictions of sin, which I had at times all my life, became violent and extreme. I sought relief from The Week's Preparation, self-examination, solemn vows, and the Holy Communion, but all in vain. I spent the day in sin, in spite of all my morning prayers and resolutions, and at night had a new repentance to begin; till at length my distress grew so extreme, that I have spent nights prostrate on the ground in agonies of grief, and yet could not abstain from indulging my corrupt nature the very next day.

“Worldly business, entering into life, a variety of company, and a jaunt to England, quite extinguished this kindling fire, and suppressed every emotion of my wounded spirit. But when awhile in London, my heart was softened by the grief of parting with parents, brothers, and friends that I loved as my own existence. All my sanguine expectations of fortune failed ; and it pleased Providence to blast every hope even of subsistence in the bud ; so that finding all human support and reliance on my own genius and industry for bread fail me, I might be constrained to seek relief from *Him* who feedeth the young ravens when they cry unto *Him*.

“My convictions renewed, my repentance deepened, and despair shook me with inexpressible horrors. I sought in the Bible ; it was a sealed book to me. I read again the ‘*Serious Call*,’ and followed as strictly as possible all his prescribed methods of self-denial, charity and prayer ; but here I was most at a loss ; I could not pray myself, and found no form that suited me. I bought Mr. Law’s ‘*Spirit of Prayer*,’ in hope of getting some instruction, and a fine *Manual of Devotion*.

“The light began to dawn ; I saw something I knew not what, but was delighted beyond measure at the promise of the day. Some

persons began to ridicule me on my growing so serious, and reading the fanatic, Mr. Law, saying, they supposed I should presently be deep in Behmen. They excited my curiosity to obtain some of his works ; but was for some time lost in the labyrinth.

“ One day reading Mr. Law’s ‘ Spirit of Love,’ my heart expanded, my eyes were opened ; I saw, and felt that God is love. Need I attempt to describe unutterable things ? I now understood the meaning of the internal supper, the seal-ring, the wedding garment, and the marriage of the Lamb, which were all the terms I knew for justification and forgiveness of sins.

“ I now dwelt alone, and solitary as in a desert, though in the populous city of London ; I had no one to speak to ; all regarded me as a monster : my heart yearned, and I often wept over the busy throngs that crowded the streets, hurrying up and down the broad way.

“ I wished for a thousand tongues and powers, to tell them of the love of God, and compel them to come in.”*

* The following lines were written by Mr. Brooke in the year 1762, immediately after his conversion :

“ As I passed by the Tabernacle, in Moorfields, I heard them singing; I stepped in, my heart melted, my tears flowed, and I joined them sincerely. But when the preaching began I was disgusted; I left the house, my heart was heavy. Oh! said I, the multitude perish for lack of knowledge; they follow the cry of ‘Lo! Christ is here; and there is Christ,’ and know not that the kingdom of heaven is within them. I went two or three times to hear the hymns, but never stayed for preaching. I continued thus a new creature for about nine months, when family affairs obliged me to return to Ireland.

“ I now found that Providence had sent me to London, not to gain temporal riches as I had vainly proposed: but to enrich me with the true treasures.

“ Some extraordinary returns of prayer, with many temptations began to lay the foun-

Amen, O Father! great and good,
 Accept me now thro' Jesu's blood.
 O mark my forehead, seal my heart;
 Possess me, Lord, in every part.
 Create my soul, my spirit new,
 That I the prize may still pursue:
 Let all I have, and am be thine,
 And all thou art, thro' Jesus mine.

dation of spiritual pride. The enemy of souls took advantage of my hurry and dissipation in preparing for my journey from London to Dublin. I found I had lost ground, when I came back to my friends; but instead of being humbled, I was only ashamed and vexed at my understanding being darkened, and that I was not the same lively christian, as when I used to write such lively and pressing letters to them, as I had done from London; which, under God, had proved instrumental to the conversion of one of my brothers, and been a blessing to my father and most of the family.

“ I now gave way to levity and fell in love; entered by little and little into the gayety and amusements of fashionable people. I fell into sin; and grew deeper in love: it became so great a burden and cross to me, I prayed earnestly to have it removed; and on my birthday, in the year 1763, I dedicated my soul and body to Jesus Christ, and wrote the covenant with my blood. I renewed it at Christmas, and on New Year's-day obtained power over sin.

“ In February 1764, the object of my affections was hurried off by death, and I found myself not only resigned, but thankful. My backslidings were healed, and the peace that passeth all understanding was shed abroad in my heart;

yet my grief was such, that my body suffered much, and grew weak and faint. I separated myself again from the world, and forsook all my gayety, and airy acquaintances.

“ I became intimate at this time with a family that knew the Methodists, but kept aloof from them. They described to me the character of one of them; I went to see him: we misunderstood each other, and disputed many days about terms; I could not allow his opinions respecting forgiveness of sins; yet, when we compared experiences together, they answered as face to face in a glass. I grew fond of him; bought some Methodist books, and went to hear for myself. I loved the people, went to see their classes and liked them much; was admitted into their band-meetings and was still better pleased.

“ I now found that God had heard my prayers, and brought me at length to the thousands that were not bowing the knee to Baal; yet still I determined never to join them, especially as I had earnest desires and hopes of getting into the Church.

“ At length I became assured, that in my present situation, this scheme was impracticable, not having leisure amidst the multiplicity of my business to study the languages. My

eager desires, however, became every day more pressing to proclaim the love of Jesus. I communicated my desires and my difficulties to my father, and begged his advice. He had hitherto opposed these thoughts as impracticable, and was still more averse to my joining the Methodists; but now, he not only advised, but desired me to join the society, and said, perhaps God might then open a door for me to be useful in some measure in a private way. For as my constitution is weakly, both he and my mother have insisted on it as a preliminary article, that I shall never attempt to speak in public. I received his advice as from Heaven, and thanked God for opening the door to fulfil my desires; I went immediately to Mr. Morgan, opened my heart to him, and received a note of admission.

“ I hinted to him my wish of being listed among the young men who stand up in private rooms appointed for that purpose, as witnesses of their Master's power and redeeming love. But having got the formidable name of mystic among the society, I find they have suspected that I was some sort of schismatick, an assertor of vain whims and philosophy. I am sorry to find that they have had cause for this suspicion, from the deviation of one or two of that name, who were admitted among them in England. But as I know that neither sect, nor party, nor

mere opinion is available for our salvation, I have determined ever to avoid these subjects, and to shew forth nothing but the fall, the depravity, the sinfulness of man; the glory, the love, the redemption of Christ; that *He* alone is all, and does all for man; and our faith or belief of this, and casting ourselves wholly upon him as utterly unable to have act or part as a *meritorious cause* of this salvation, is the alone way of obtaining it.

“ The mystic writers have been a great blessing to me; but I know there are many to whom they would be a stumbling-block: the way to Christ is now as simple, plain, and free from mystery, as it was when he lived on the earth; and is nothing more or less, than having faith in his power, and confidence in his love; yielding up ourselves to the operations of his divine Spirit. Therefore, if ever I shall be admitted to declare in the society, what God hath done for my sinful soul, and is willing to do for every sinner breathing, I am resolved to cast aside the manner and expressions of the mystics as such, and conform myself entirely to scriptural phrases, and the simplicity of language made use of by your preachers.

“ Oh, Sir! surely it is not pride, it is not self that would desire to take up the cross, to be despised and rejected of friends, kinsfolk

and acquaintance, in order to throw a mite into your treasury. I have not the ambition of being a master-builder in the spiritual temple, yet could I bring (as a labourer) a few bricks, or hew out some stony heart to join in raising that glorious pile, I would rejoice with exceeding joy: for a grateful heart would willingly strive to shew the sensibility of its gratitude, and I have no other way that I know of to express mine.

“ Mr. Morgan gave me liberty to communicate to you my sentiments and desires for your opinion and advice, by which I am determined to abide; may God give me grace to receive it as from himself; for I well know, the hearts of men are in his hands, and howsoever *we will*, the event is *HIS*.

“ I am with regard to temporal matters exceedingly happy, only much immersed in business, by which Providence has enabled me to earn what is affluence to a single young man as I am; yet I trust, I should resign this and much more at my Master's call.”

What answer he received from Mr. Wesley, to this interesting communication, does not now appear; but certain it is, that from this period, a very particular intimacy and love subsisted between Mr. Wesley and Mr. Brooke,

till death deprived the Church of God, of that aged and exemplary minister and servant of Jesus Christ.

Nearly two years after writing the foregoing letter, he thus expresses himself in allusion to the same subject among other matters, to a most beloved friend :

“ I cannot express to you the astonishment and confusion it gives me at times, to find myself, as it were, discarded and discharged from the office of the ministry. How to reconcile it with past feelings and experience I know not : only this I know, that I fear by it I have been a very officious intruder to support that ark, which needs not human aid to uphold it, though it totter ; and I wonder God hath not dealt with me, as he did of old with the smitten Israelite for my presumption.

“ My soul thirsts indeed for that union, that blending and mingling with Christ, short of which it can never rest ; that divine intimacy and fellowship of a spirit wedded to Jesus, and become one with him, which is so beautifully shadowed out in the canticles.

“ Oh ! how my soul now gasps to be fled away, to escape off this night and be at rest ; to leave this wearisome, this poor sinful car-

cease, and fly as a dove to the windows of Heaven. Yet ardent and longing as my soul is for such a call, I feel for a few of those who in their too partial affection for me, might drop some tears, and droop for a few days. But I know the Lord would comfort them, and abundantly make up to their patience and resignation, the loss of such a worthless worm. My Lord, whose eye beholds me as I weep and write, knows that I speak what I feel. Oh! for a night's lodging in the bosom of Jesus—what worlds have worth enough to weigh in the balance against it. Oh! for the dawn of eternity's bright day—unclouded then will the sun shine all the day long, and never, never, never set. No tears, even of joy, shall then start in the eyes, for the glorified body shall be enabled to bear all the ecstasies, the transport, the raptures and ravishments without trembling or fainting."

And here it may be remarked, that notwithstanding Mr. Brooke's eager longing, and it must be acknowledged eminent qualifications for the work of the ministry, yet he had learned to chasten his own spirit, and restrain the impatience of the natural mind; not running of his own accord to deliver God's errand; but waiting to be assured, that God intended to employ him on his ambassage. And for informing

himself on this important point, he used prudential means, sensible that God is a God of Order, and that the spirits of the Prophets are subject to the Prophets.

CHAP. IV.

Containing a digression on the subject of being lawfully called to fill the office of a public teacher in a Christian Society, arising out of the concluding reflections of the preceding chapter.

AT a period like the present, when many are running to and fro, and knowledge is increasing; when extending education indiscriminately is the predominant passion; and some are found desirous to set *themselves* up to be preachers who have neither capital nor credentials: it may not be wholly useless or uninteresting to examine the ground of such pretensions, as they exist among the subordinate societies into which christians have divided themselves for the sake of more select religious fellowship, than what the broad christian world affords; and to shew that neither gifts possessed, nor strong impressions on the mind, nor even usefulness in the exercise of gifts, are sufficient proofs of a divine call to preach the gospel.

It would be an impeachment of infinite wisdom to suppose that he has not left somewhere

with his people on earth, the power which is to determine who are to be authorized teachers ; and the sanction of such authority is indispensably requisite to impress the stamp of currency on any man's claims. And as the spirit of government, and the spirit of subordination mutually co-exist in every well-adjusted system, and bind every member to submission ; so in a more especial manner are those who are claimants for public situation, bound by the regulations of that union, from which their office emanates ; for the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets.

There is a preparation of the heart, a fitting for the work, and a providential opening, which are always concomitant with that man whom God approves. God's sending forth to proclaim his word, is never opposed to the order of his Providence ; and where this accompaniment is wanting, there is a radical deficiency in the title.

It is worth while then to consider what are the distinguishing features which designate the character whose apparent call it is to preach the gospel.

The six following traits portray the outline :—

1st. An experimental knowledge of religion, accompanied with the fruits of righteousness.

2d. Suitable knowledge, and gifts for the work.

3d. A passion for mental and religious improvement.

4th. A persuasion on the mind, joined with upright views, and a single intention.

5th. An humble waiting upon God in patient resignation.

6th. A lawful mission by a visible church.

Although these qualifications will hardly be questioned by any who have given consideration to the subject, yet it may be edifying to enlarge a little upon each of them; that having established their genuineness, we may be better prepared to unveil those spurious or solitary tokens which are appealed to by persons of a warm fancy, who mistake their own imaginations for impressions from the spirit of God.

1st. A conversion of the soul to God, an experimental knowledge of the power of divine grace and way of salvation, a rec-

titute of heart, and a consequent rectitude of life, is surely the coin-stone in that foundation upon which the superstructure of ministerial duties should be erected.

2d. But there may be solid piety, where there is little comparative knowledge, very slender attainments, and small natural endowments. These are sometimes overlooked as unnecessary by persons of an enthusiastic turn of mind, or at least are removed to the back ground, as if immediate inspiration were always to supply their place. That the inspiration of the Almighty giveth wisdom; that without the gracious assistance and co-operation of the Spirit of God, nothing good can proceed; these are admitted truths. But how does the Almighty please to carry on the designs of his goodness? Is it not in general by giving his blessing to ordinary means, and sanctifying the use of our natural faculties, which are no less his gifts, than divine influences. Whether we communicate or receive truth, it is by the agency of our understanding imparting or admitting the light. Grace converts the will, and alters the tide of our passions; so that the affections are turned into a

right channel, and urge forward the slow movements of the understanding to fulfil the counsels of divine wisdom. Knowledge becomes pleasant to the soul, and gifts possessed are safely and successfully brought into exercise, for they are guided aright.

3d. Growth in grace, in knowledge, in wisdom, is delectable in all; but is indispensably necessary for a ministerial labourer in God's vineyard: to dispense the word of life liberally and profitably, requires the continual exercise of much reading, serious meditation, deep contemplation, and habitual prayer: no man can prove faithful in discharging the duties of such an office, who does not keep his mind constantly braced by close and studious application to reading, according to his ability and opportunities, and his soul devout by dwelling in the temple of holy recollection: 'tis there the God that dwelleth in Heaven, condescends to bless with the visitations of his presence, and the communication of Himself. To love with a passion like Christ, is the proper characteristic of the devout soul; the truest principle of conduct in every christian; and the greatest spring of

consolation under the difficulties of public station: and by this alone can he be prepared to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

4th. An inward persuasion where there is satisfactory ground for believing that it is wrought in the mind by the spirit of God, is a gratifying evidence that the person so influenced should put his hand to the plough, and is marked out by the Lord of the harvest. But to prevent mistake in placing too great reliance on a point, so encouraging where it is genuine, but so delusive if counterfeit, it becomes absolutely requisite to examine it impartially, and to bring it to an infallible touch-stone.

What then are your motives? Is it to promote the glory of God, the honour of your Redeemer, the salvation of souls? Does this inward persuasion make you feel an entire willingness to sacrifice yourself to His service, renouncing the study of the world and the flesh?

Is it your single aim to be found pleasing to God; and are you content, that self should be abased or even laid aside; leaving the consequences to unerring wisdom, which will direct

all measures aright for the promotion of true religion, either with you or without you, as God may please?

If such be the uprightness and disinterestness of your views, there is little danger of your being deceived by enthusiastic notions of a divine call.

Yet still remember that this internal feeling is only one trait in the character we are portraying: young converts have a propensity to shelter their untaught injudicious zeal under cover of this feeling; and to mistake nature gratified in the delivery of their well-meaning rhapsodies, for the afflatus of supernatural AGENCY.

The commonness of this feeling, proves to a demonstration, that it is often delusory; for though all christians are called to live the gospel, few comparatively are called to preach it.

5th. An humble waiting upon God in a state of resignation, till his providence opens the door, is the constant associate of the devout soul desirous to know the will of God, especially on so important a point, as that under consideration.—
To be the ambassador of an earthly

prince is deservedly esteemed a very high honour: but God puts greater honour upon HIS servants; for "them that honour ME, I will honour."

And can any man think that it is for the honour of God, that he should set out on his embassy, without instructions or credentials? To go unmasked and unsent? Would it not be such an act of folly and disrespect, as might fairly be interpreted a "despising of the Almighty," and an incurring of the penalty "being lightly esteemed." Should a mortal man thus trifle with the King of Heaven, without waiting till the door be opened for him, and his path pointed out? The man whom God chooses, feels the weight of the undertaking, and fears his own utter insufficiency: he rather shrinks from the awful responsibility; and nothing less than a sense of duty clearly discovered to him, could induce him to undertake it: he waits upon God therefore with patience; if his Providence prepare the way, he is ready to follow in it; but he durst not force open the door for himself, nor climb over the wall, lest instead of being found to be a true shepherd, he be taken for a robber.

6th. The subject has hitherto been considered in reference to those qualifications which ever co-exist in the character designed

by Providence to be an instructor of his flock; and which may with propriety be denominated, the internal evidence of a call to the work. But even all this weight of internal evidence is not sufficient demonstration; nor is the individual possessed of it to run of his own accord, presuming that he has complete authority. The external evidence is still needful to put the broad seal to his commission, and to ensure that his warrant is from Heaven.

God's Providence, and the secret motions of his Spirit are never at variance; there is a sweet harmony in all his works of grace and divine superintendence, which is never interrupted, but when the rude hand of man presumptuously intervenes. The outward providence and the inward call conspire together to make manifest the divine will. United, they harmonize the soul; produce conviction to the mind; and procure advantage to the Church. Separate them, and the mind is perplexed with doubts like one at sea without pilot or compass; the individual is exposed to the danger of being wrecked; and the Church to damage and distraction.

And here let it be noted, that although all the preceding particulars concentrating in a

character do not fully prove his mission ; yet there are found persons of such a warm and fanciful imagination, that they rely with confidence on *some* or even one of them.

How much they are mistaken will be evident, by taking a separate view of each :

Experimental and practical religion is possessed by numbers, who nevertheless are never called to preach the gospel.

Eminent gifts and knowledge too, are the endowments of many private christians ; yet they have not been called, while persons of inferior talents have been sent out.

A passion for improvement is a common feeling with a natural, and a spiritual man ; and is very compatible with being destitute of the qualifications that are requisite for a public teacher.

The inward persuasion and upright intention, though they may be feelings of a pious mind, are very partial evidence ; as the event has proved in the case of many persons who placed their single reliance on them, and deceived themselves.

An humble waiting upon God is a sure and a safe path to abide in; yet, his Providence may not open a door; and surely the humble expectant will never forcibly seize as his right, what is denied him as a favour: he knows that to grant, or withhold, is equally the prerogative of the Almighty.

Is there no certainty then to be attained to, in this momentous matter? Assuredly there is; when the external evidence joins issue with the internal, the train of evidence is complete, and the title is made good.

What then is this external evidence which some overlook, and without which no title or pretensions are valid?

It is being lawfully called and sent forth in the visible church, by those who have the rule therein, and have themselves been lawfully vested with the power to transmit their derived authority. For such an appointed power is the ordinance of God; and that which is constituted according to his ordinance, is the appointment of God himself. This is the order of His Providence for the government and edification of his church; this, and this alone, decides between a lawful mission and an assumption of

right ; for it is the precept of an inspired Apostle, “ Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves ;” a precept exactly applicable to the case, and of universal obligation : and their voice in this instance is the voice of truth ; for the spirit of truth still abides with his church, rests on his faithful ministers, and by them its counsels are declared.

If the candidate for public ministry possess all those fitnesses for the work which have been described, he will seldom fail to receive this last testimony to the truth of his call ; yet, he is not to presume upon it ; and until this sanction be obtained, it is his place to refrain.

There are persons of an impatient and arrogant mind, incapable to bear control, who possessed of some qualifications, set *themselves* up to be judges, and having passed a hasty opinion on their own fitment and call, rush forward to the work of preaching without any due consideration.

Let such an one be informed that he is presumptuous and self-willed ; that while he vainly supposes he is doing the will of God, he is only following his own will ; and that instead of meeting that reception from the church to which he thinks himself entitled, he exposes himself to the danger of entire rejection : for if

he have not the sanction of lawful authority, let his other pretensions be what they may, he is not called of God at that time, in that place, or among that people: he loses his reward even though some good should be done, since he engages in a work that is not required at his hand.

But it may here be replied—If good be done, what more is wanted?

Is not success in the work, the broad seal of heaven?

This objection however plausible, has its foundation in ignorance, and an enthusiasm that ascribes wrong causes to an effect.

I would observe, therefore—

1st. That success can only be appealed to, as a collateral proof: it cannot be direct evidence of the truth of a prior call, since in its very nature, it is subsequent to whatever motives have previously determined the mind, and which determination was certainly wrought in the mind by a presumption in its own favour.

2dly. In the case under consideration, we must learn carefully to distinguish between the

message and the messenger. The message is God's covenant declared; the messenger a presumptuous person, who, like Uzzah, is putting forth his hand to support that ark, to which he flatters himself his assistance is needful: the consequent success on which he relies, may therefore be thus satisfactorily accounted for; the Gospel message is the declaration of a free unmerited salvation, the plan of which and the means of obtaining, is easily learned even by those who have but lately entered into the school of Christ, and enjoy the benefit of select christian society, and improving conversation. There is no particular message or distinct revelation given by God to any who now preach his gospel; they are not promulgators of new truths, but publishers of a written revelation; there is but one glad tidings of great joy to declare and to be heard; here then all who lay claim to the office of preaching the gospel stand on level ground: the word of life, the seed of the kingdom is scattered; some falls into good ground and springs up; and the fruit produced arises as in every instance from the gracious pleasure of God, putting honour on his own word and the gospel of his Son, causing that conviction of the truth which forces itself on the understanding, engrosses the affections, and determines the will.

Here then is the state of the question with

respect to the man who appeals to success exclusively as paramount proof of his lawful mission; the authentic and public message manifested in the revealed will of God is heard and received, because it is the truth applied by the Spirit to the heart; the preacher is the mere external channel of communication; the character supposed in this case steps forward but as a purloiner of God's words, and they are only *not deteriorated* by passing through his hands: he aspires at being master and conductor at a feast, where he has himself been only invited as a common guest; he therefore loses his welcome, because he assumes the highest place; he must soon with shame begin to take the lower place, or be excluded, while the humble man is exalted.

3dly. Rare instances of conversion have followed, even from the ministration of ungodly men: will success in their case be admitted as full proof of their divine mission, by those presumptuous advocates who rest their own cause on their professed piety and talent? Notwithstanding the success, would they not be among the first to apply the inspired psalmist's words, "Unto the wicked, God saith, what hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth? Seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee."

Would they not be glad to be helped to a reason that would enable them to account for a fact, which they cannot deny, and which stands in opposition to their creed?

If these things be so, the argument drawn from solitary instances of successful preaching must be given up.

4th. The practice of close self-examination should be seriously and frequently recurred to, by those who enter on the design of acting in a public capacity. A faithful attention to this duty, would prove a powerful means of disclosing the hollow pretensions of many who attempt the work.

The real servant and messenger of Jesus Christ, uniformly ascribes to HIM the glory of whatever good is done; he sensibly feels that it is God's condescension alone that employs him; and he sinks into the valley of humiliation.

How much the reverse does the other character appear, who is labouring to make out a dubious title for himself.

He is forward to thrust himself into notice by the use of scripture phraseology; and if the word be attended to, he is ready to take share

of the glory with his Maker ; he shelters his want of a better title to the honour of being an ambassador for Christ, by laying claim to be a partner in that good which is the travail of the Redeemer's soul.

A little closer investigation would discover lurking in his heart, a secret pride and self-importance, feeding itself on the vanity of being thought pre-eminent in the church ; for there is oftener found in human nature, a vanity that loves distinction, than that wisdom which fits for it.

5th. The value of the good done in any instance should be weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, and estimated accordingly. To an individual, the greatest blessing that can accrue, is the conversion of his soul to God, as laying the foundation of true happiness for himself both here and hereafter. But to society and the church the greatest blessing, is such a disposal of concurring causes, as will upon the whole produce the greatest quantum of happiness both in kind and degree ; by extirpating the leaven of wickedness, and leavening the whole mass, with righteousness and true holiness.

And how is this glorious end to be most effectually attained ? Is it by uncombined and

injudicious individual exertion, that not unfrequently counteract each other, and generate an extended evil covered with the specious veil of partial good? Or is it by the combined wisdom and uniform direction of a whole body guided aright, and conspiring with all its influence and talent to accomplish permanent and multifarious good?

A steady and judicious discipline the result of wisdom and experience, is such a necessary fence to christian society, that if once sacrificed to individual caprice, an avenue is opened for the admission of every evil, which can afflict the Church of God. Irregularity and disorder will necessarily ensue. Improper characters who have been excluded the door, will enter the breach. Interested, ambitious, and immoral characters will claim the rank of teachers, and ere long, many will leave the fold, and the sheep be irrecoverably scattered.

No present partial and apparent good can be of sufficient weight, to compensate that train of evils which must inevitably be produced, by permitting confusion of stations in the church, and indeterminate modes of appointment to the office of public teaching.

Is it nothing, that for want of wisdom and humility in those who are so ready to take

upon themselves the office, that holy things are exposed to the danger of being cast unto dogs, or pearls before swine? Is there no account to be made of the weak and feeble in the flock, who in the divisions occasioned by the struggles for station, have stumbling-blocks laid in their way, and may be for ever lost to the fold?

There is a propensity in the human mind, to interpret success in its own case, as a proof of the divine approbation: but surely this tendency is never so foolishly exercised, as when by appealing to success, we make God the author of confusion, and attempt to enlist the Divine Being on the side of our presumption, by misinterpreting the course of his Providence, and thereby forcing it to declare in our favour.

It is true that Divine Providence may, and frequently does press into the accomplishment of his own final designs, even the wrathfulness, the foolishness, and the aberrations of mankind. His supremely passing love guided by unerring wisdom, and efficient through almighty power, brings ultimate good out of present evil, order out of confusion, and subdues all nature to his purpose. But does this justify our folly, or palliate our offences?

It has hitherto been admitted for the sake

of argument, that some good may occasionally have been done, by this irregular exercise of the functions of a public teacher; and it has been shewn how the good arises: nevertheless I am not fully inclined to admit, that the boasted appropriate good to which an exclusive claim is made, would never have arisen, if none had been hardy enough to break down the hedge of discipline, and volunteer their services without acceptance or authority. There is in the soul of every sinner whom conviction of the truth has penetrated, a radical fibril of the heart implanted by him who tasted death for every man, tuned by the finger of almighty love, and prepared to vibrate in unison with the music of the Gospel sound; that happy sound which brings to his hearing glad tidings of great joy, "that unto *him*, as to *all* people, is born a Saviour, CHRIST the LORD." And God would never lack an opportunity to strike the concordant lyre, and by the conversion of a sinner, produce joy in heaven.

Not to grant this, would be to suppose that the Almighty is deficient in means to accomplish his own purposes; that HE stands in need of our help, planned according to our own self-will; and that overweening human zeal is indispensably necessary to fill up a chasm in the number of the redeemed, which would not by other instruments have been effected.

To conclude this subject; let it not be supposed that there is here any disposition to deter humble pious minds, desirous of becoming active and useful members of society, and edifying to the Church of God, from entering on a full consideration of the grounds and reasons of their wishes and expectations.

It is rather encouraging to lay down the rules by which they may be safely guided, if they come with honest minds to examine their principles. While some are presumptuous and adventuresome, ready to rush blindfold into public station for which they were never fitted; others are scrupulous and apprehensive, fearful of drawing too nigh to sacred offices and holy things, lest they should expose themselves to divine chastisement, and be smitten like the men of Bethshémesh, for their unhallowed curiosity in looking into the ark of God; they are rather ready to say, before they provoke the divine displeasure, than after incurring the punishment, "Who is able to stand before this HOLY LORD GOD?"

The path of duty is always safe and honourable to abide in; and to discover it in every instance, is a mark of true wisdom.

Such is the imperfection of our nature, that the human mind is extremely liable to err: ex-

cessive activity presses on the one hand to feed our vanity ; and too great a fondness for retirement from the world makes encroachment on the other side, to gratify our indolence : these are rocks in the tempestuous sea of life, on which passengers are daily suffering shipwreck. How then shall we steer our bark so as to avoid both dangerous extremes ?

This can only be secured, by attentively surveying the chart of experience with a mind sincerely disposed to be guided by it, and enlightened by the radiance of divine truth.

The modest enquirers after truth will assuredly suppose, that persons better and wiser than themselves have lived before them and are contemporaneous ; and that the way marked out and trodden by them, is safer and surer than any by-path they can chalk out for themselves ; and they will first well ascertain by incontrovertible evidence, the oblique direction of that beaten track which they claim to forsake, before they adventure undirected on a devious wild.

The man who sets at nought these admonitions, and thinks that taking his Bible and opening it, he can strike out for himself and his party, a clearer and better system of doctrine and discipline, independent of the aids to

be derived from the knowledge and wisdom of all that have preceded him, is on the very pinnacle of spiritual pride; and just on the point of falling headlong to his own destruction.

But the Bible discreetly explained, illustrated by experience, read with prayer, and applied by God's Spirit to the heart, will prove such an abundant source of light, consolation, and direction; that the upright, sincere, and humble, need never miss their providential way.

“Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,” is the heart-cheering legacy bequeathed by a dying Saviour to his Disciples and to his Church, while in their militant state, till raised to the triumphant.

Those who seek him humbly, abide in him faithfully, love him ardently, obey him uniformly, believe in him firmly, and trust him confidently, the very God of peace will sanctify wholly; so that they shall be prepared for all the good pleasure of his will, in that very way and manner which is most pleasing to himself here, and most conducive to their eternal interests hereafter.

CHAP. V.

Of his settlement in Dublin and Marriage, &c.

MR. Brooke now settled himself in Dublin, and pursued with good success his profession as an historical and landscape painter and drawing-master. Although he never eminently excelled as an original designer, yet he painted several pictures, by which he acquired considerable credit: as a proof of the esteem in which the public held them, it may be remarked, that in the course of two or three successive sales, the prices of the pictures advanced to more than double the sum for which Mr. Brooke originally sold them. Indeed such was his humility that he always placed too low a value on his own works. As a copyist, Mr. Brooke possessed very considerable excellence; to give one instance of this, he made a copy of Mr. West's picture of the death of General Wolfe at Quebec, which was so well executed, that persons of taste and discernment who had seen both pictures gave it as their judgment, that in expression, colouring and effect, the copy fully kept up the spirit of the original.

Notwithstanding Mr. Brooke had now given

up his intentions of wholly forsaking all worldly pursuits, and dedicating his entire time and talents to the labours of the ministry; yet he was by no means satisfied with the sole occupations of secular employment. He had tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come; his soul was ever burning with the flame of divine love, and while aspiring after a renewal of the divine image to be impressed more deeply on his own heart, he earnestly longed for the salvation of others and acted as opportunity served, to win souls to Christ.

Abiding in such a spirit, and resting as under the shadow of the Almighty, he was proposed as a leader of a Class in the Methodist society. In this capacity he was gladly accepted, and asked occasionally to exhort small congregations.

He felt that here was his present calling, and in the fulfilment of these duties he exercised himself with signal profit. Mr. Brooke had an uncommonly sweet gift of extemporary prayer; and in this act of divine worship, whether in the public congregation or in more private assemblies, the power of God was felt and acknowledged. Mr. Brooke was a man of habitual prayer, he entered into the spirit of it, and dwelling under a constant sense of the

divine presence, he penetrated within the vail, and worshipped in the Holy of Holies.

The God whose throne is in heaven, caused his power to be known and confessed; and while the prayer of his servant ascended up as incense, the cloud descended upon his worshipping people, and constrained them to acknowledge, "Surely the tabernacle of God is with men."

In the month of April 1767, Mr. Brooke married Miss Anne Kirchhoffer, a remarkably pious and sensible young woman of the society. She was the daughter of Mr. Kirchhoffer who kept an eminent furniture warehouse in the city: his grandson still continues in the same business with great credit. Mr. Kirchhoffer was a man of remarkable integrity and worth, which peculiarly endeared him to Mr. Brooke. Two additional intermarriages not long after took place between the families of the Brookes and the Kirchhoffers; Mr. Thomas Digby Brooke marrying Miss Agnes Kirchhoffer; and Mr. Francis Kirchhoffer her brother, marrying Miss Sarah Brooke Mr. Brooke's only sister.

Mrs. (Henry) Brooke possessed endowments which qualified her for great usefulness in her sphere and among religious society: but hav-

ing fallen into a state of very ill-health and consequent weakness, she was for the last twenty years of her life almost wholly confined to her house, engaged in the circle of domestic duties: she bore eleven children, only three of whom lived to maturity and survived her—a son, called William Henry, and two daughters, Maria Jane, and Theodosia. Theodosia died happily in March 1813, after being married to Mr. F. H. Holcroft, with whom she lived about three years, and has left one surviving son.

But although Mrs. Brooke was thus confined by the Providence of God, she was far from being useless even beyond the sphere of her own family. Her judgment was highly regarded, insomuch that she was frequently resorted to by her friends for counsel in critical cases; and some are yet living who could testify the suitableness of her advice, and the seasonableness of her reproof when she saw occasion; and that they always left her company relieved in their minds, and better informed in their judgments. She died in February 1805, with a hope full of immortality.

The following copy of verses written by Mr. Brooke and presented by him in a pocket-book to Mrs. Brooke the year after they were

married, will be read with pleasure and interest:—

Blest be that solemn sacred hour,
Which gave us first to meet;
To feel the heaven descending shower,
And taste communion sweet.

Engrafted in the living vine,
What mysteries we prove:
That height and depth of grace divine,
What mystic power of love.

Together let us both unite,
To praise the Lord alone:
Whose love with bands of chaste delight,
Has linked our souls in one.

Oh! may his kind assenting will,
Our sacred tie approve:
And nearer yet, and nearer still,
Unite us in his love.

Till as two meeting rivers flow
In one commingled course,
Our blended souls together go
To seek their sacred source.

Till from the vale of tears we rise,
When love shall banish fear;
Embrace each other in the skies,
Be one for ever there.

On another occasion Mr. Brooke wrote to her as follows (*the date does not appear*):

“ Oh, my Nancy, I have already warned you, but I must again and again, that you have need of double grace, double prayer, and double watchfulness in being united to me—for alas! my precious ONE you daily see I am such a medley, such a strange compound of grace and nature, of this world and the next; that indeed a person has great need of being truly spiritual, to keep me much company, without catching the infection, and being poisoned with my spirit. (*Such humbling views had he of himself.*) I love you, my Nancy, so unspeakably, that I dread your losing a hair's breadth of the ground you have gained through grace; and I would sacrifice my life, rather than be the means of damping your fervour, or disturbing your peace.

“ Oh yes! my precious Annabell, 'tis your soul, your immortal soul I love; 'tis its interest, its life, its glory, I would wish to promote, to complete. Think then what anguish, what remorse I must feel, when I fear the having injured you. But I trust these are needless fears. Your God whom you serve will not suffer you to be distressed. As for my own part, I long till this little breeze blows over; it has ruffled the surface, and at times I find it disturb the

serenity of the Heaven within. But O blessed be Jesus, the depths of my soul are still the same; hungering and thirsting insatiably for all the fulness of Jesus, an inexpressible peace and stillness at the bottom, is the foundation of my happiness; and an utter dependence and abandonment is the pillar of my strength, and the prop of my weakness. I wish for greater retirement and communion with God than I at present enjoy; and trust, when I have the evenings to enjoy alone with my Annabella, I shall find my unshackled soul at liberty to soar continually to heaven."

Mr. Brooke was now justly regarded by the Society in Dublin, as one of its brightest ornaments, and enjoyed the intimacy of many of its most pious members.

Among others of this description was Mr. Garrett, who had been for a number of years an eminently holy and useful man. There are a few in Dublin who still remember him. His memory is precious; therefore this opportunity is taken of reviving the recollection of such an excellent character, and giving some account of his last moments; the only record of which is preserved in two letters written by Mr. Brooke to his father, the one dated 18th April, the other 20th April, 1776.

It will further interest some of my junior readers to be informed, that Mr. Garrett was father to the still surviving widow indeed and saint of God, Mrs. Johnston of Lisburn, now upwards of eighty years old.

Mr. Brooke's letter of the 18th April, so strongly portrays his own feeling of piety and affection, that it would be depriving the reader of a real pleasure, not to give him the whole of it.

“EVER DEAR AND HONORED SIR,

“Our hearts feel the truest and deepest gratitude to you, for your very kind letters. Your own sweet feelings give you to answer all the enquiries of others, before they have time to propound a single question.

“Our dear Tom left us this morning; so that you have *viva voce* from him more intelligence, than I could give you on six sheets of paper.

“Poor dear Annabell has been very indifferent to-day; she is much distressed by her disorder; though engaged to dine at Mr. Smyth's with Mr. and Mrs. D'Olier, her peculiar friends, she could not go.

“ Our precious Garrett is still in this world. He has had a most highly favoured time: such a sweet serenity, such a resigned composure, and a patient expectation of the solemn summons, as was highly edifying to all who approached him. He has had no pain, no sickness; a gradual weakness and weariness has at length reduced him to the very verge of eternity. Last night about one o'clock without any preceding conflict or hour of darkness, the Lord broke in gloriously upon his soul, in such a tide of blessings as shone conspicuously upon his countenance, and gave him power to break out into words which though scarcely audible, upon listening attentively, they heard him cry out in broken accents, “ Glory, glory be to God, the Lord, the Saviour; Oh! he has conquered for me; he has conquered *in me*, over sin, death, and hell. I come—I come. Come, Lord Jesus,—come quickly.” After some time again he spoke of the glories of the new body, the heavenly garment, the robe of salvation. “ I see—I see the paradise of delights; the garden where are all trees bearing all manner of fruits.—Oh! when I get in, surely I shall dance for joy.”

Many other broken and delightful expressions proved the triumph of salvation over hell and death, a weak perishing body, and a sinking world. Oh! may we also die the death of the righteous, and may our latter end be like his.

“ Who next shall be summoned away?
My merciful God is it I!

“ Adieu, my dear Sir. Our hearts' love and duty to my dear and ever honoured mother—to Robert and his amiable companion; to Tom and his Aggy; to all the dear little ones, &c.

“ Inexpressibly yours,

“ H. B.”

On the 20th April, Mr. Brooke writes in continuation to his father as follows:

“ This is the ninth wedding-day with my dear Nancy; how few can commemorate it as we do, with hearts uplifted to God for that secret and adorable Providence which united us in his fear; preserves us in his love; has blessed us with an amiable offspring, whom he has not in his tender love, left to be exposed to the trials, temptations, and calamities of this miserable life; but taken to the bosom of his love; and in the very first of their existence given them to reap the fruits of his redemption, and enjoy the harvest even in the first spring of being.

“ Our dear Garrett is gone home. Yester-

day morning between eleven and twelve in the day, he departed without sigh or groan: all was blessed peace, serenity, a heavenly composure, and sweet waiting for the welcome messenger. He retained his senses to the very last; and just as his attendant wet his lips, about half a moment before he expired, he squeezed her hand, and lifted up his eyes in love, gratitude, and evident tokens that he was going in transport.

CHAP. VI.

Of his acquaintance with Mr. Fletcher. Subject of the "Fool of Quality" introduced.

AMONG other valuable correspondents, Mr. Brooke enjoyed the profit and pleasure of the late Rev. John Fletcher's, Vicar of Madely. Three of *his* letters to Mr. Brooke are published among his posthumous pieces.

In the letter dated 6th September, 1772, which appears to have been the commencement of their correspondence, Mr. Fletcher mistook Mr. Henry Brooke for his uncle the counsellor Henry Brooke, Esq. author of the *Fool of Quality*.

This letter of Mr. Fletcher's, although already in print, is not in every reader's hand; therefore I am sure the insertion of it here will be acceptable, as it served to introduce that intimacy between Mr. Brooke and Mr. Fletcher which began in time, but will last for ever.

"DEAR SIR,

"If to do were as present with me as to

wish, you would have been half ruined in the postage of letters.

“ I cannot tell you how often I have thought of thanking you for your kind letter. My controversy made me put it off for some time, and when I was going one day to answer you, a clergyman called upon me, read your letter, said you were a sensible author, and if I would let him have it, he would let me have your *Fool of Quality*, of which I had never heard. I forgot to take your direction, and my backwardness to writing had a very good excuse to indulge itself.

“ However it ceases now; after some months, my friend has sent me back your unexpected but welcome favour. I know in what street you live, a thousand thanks for it; and a thousand more for the amiable character of your Harry, my kind, my new correspondent. May this sheet convey them warm from my heart to yours; and thence may they return like a thousand drops into that immense ocean of goodness, truth, love, and delight, whence come all the streams which gladden the universe, and ravish the city of God.

“ I thankfully accept the pleasure, profit and honour of your correspondence. But I must not deceive you: I have not yet learned the blessed precept of our Lord in respect of

writing and receiving letters. I still find it more blessed to receive, than to give ; and till I have got out of this selfishness, never depend on a letter from me till you see it ; and be persuaded nevertheless, that one from you will always be welcome.

“ I see by your works that you love truth, and that you will force your way through all the barriers of prejudice, to embrace it in its meanest dress. That makes me love you. I hope to improve by your example and your lessons. One thing I want truly to learn, that is, that creatures and visible things are but *shadows* ; and that God is God JEHOVAH, the true eternal substance.

“ To live practically in this truth, is to live in the suburbs of heaven. *Really* to believe, that in God we live, move, and have our being, is to find and enjoy the root of our existence ; it is to slide from self into our original principle, from the carnal into the spiritual, from the visible into the invisible, from time into eternity.

“ Give me at your leisure, some directions how to cease from busying myself about the husk of things, and how I shall break through the shell till I come to the kernel of resurrection, life and power, that lies hid from the unbeliever's sight. You mention, “ A short

sketch of your path already passed, and of your present feelings," I believe it will be profitable to me for instruction and reproof: therefore I shall gladly accept it.

" Pray, my dear Sir, about *feelings*: Are you possessed of all the feelings of your Clinton, Clement, and Harry? Are they natural to you, I mean previous to what we generally call conversion? I have often thought, that some of the feelings you describe, depend a good deal upon the fineness of the nerves, and bodily organs: and as I am rather of a stoic turn, I have sometimes comforted myself in thinking, that my want of feelings might in a degree proceed from the dulness of Swiss nerves. If I am not mistaken, Providence directs me to you, to have this important question solved. May not some persons have as much true faith, love, humanity, and pity, as others who are ten times more affected, at least for a season? And what directions would you give to a *Christian stoic*, if these two ideas are not absolutely incompatible?

" My stoicism helps me I think, to weather a storm of displeasure, which my little pamphlets have raised against me. You see I at once consult you as an old friend, and spiritual casuist; nor know I how to testify better to

you how unreservedly I begin to be, my very dear friend,

“Yours in the Lord,

“J. F.”

It would have been a great gratification to myself as well as to my readers, if I could have enriched this chapter with Mr. Brooke's letter to Mr. Fletcher, to which the foregoing is an answer. But Mr. Brooke seldom kept copies of his letters. Mrs. Fletcher who is still living at Madeley, sent me a very kind letter in answer to one I wrote to her on the subject of Mr. Brooke's correspondence with Mr. Fletcher, informing me that no letters of Mr. Brooke's were now to be found among Mr. Fletcher's papers.

As the subject of the “Fool of Quality” has been incidentally introduced by Mr. Fletcher's mistaking the real author of it, it will by no means be unentertaining to the reader to be informed of its origin and progress; especially since it is a fact, that although Mr. Fletcher's correspondent was not the prime author of that work, yet were it not for him, the world would have lost the pleasure and benefit to be derived from the perusal of that eminent performance.

Mr. Brooke was in habits of the closest intimacy, and most confidential friendship with his uncle Counsellor Brooke : his promising talents and lovely temper when a young man, attracted the notice and peculiarly attached him to the warm heart of his ingenious uncle—they were not only of one blood, but kindred spirits.—They used frequently to ride together from Killibegs to Dublin. It was during one of these rides, that the following occurrence took place, which I shall endeavour to relate just as I have heard Mr. Brooke recite the circumstance :—

My uncle desired me to keep silence, till I had his permission to speak. We rode on together for a considerable time, without any conversation whatsoever. He then broke silence, and called to me, “ Harry,” I have been just ruminating over the prettiest story imaginable ; would you like to hear it ? By all means, Sir ; it would afford high amusement on the road ; I was longing to hear you say something.

The uncle then proceeded to produce from the copious storehouse of his lively imagination, and with that beauty of language of which he was so complete a master, a story containing all the leading facts, which render the work so very amusing and interesting. This afforded

ample entertainment for the remainder of that journey; Mr. Brooke was hardly less delighted with the brilliancy of the conceptions than the enraptured uncle; and anxious to secure so invaluable a germe, the seed of so rich a mental harvest, as soon as he alighted from his horse, he retired to a room, and while the impression was vivid and recollection unimpaired, he providently committed the whole story to writing, and laid by the manuscript carefully. The termination of the ride, concluded the story for that time, and no further notice was taken.

About twelve months after, one day that Mr. Brooke and his uncle were alone together, he thus accosted his nephew: "Harry," don't you remember when you and I were riding from Killibeggs to Dublin nearly a-year ago, how I told you one of the prettiest stories you ever heard in your life? I do indeed, Sir.—It is entirely gone from me; I have not the slightest trace in my mind of the particulars, I shall never be able to collect them again; I have only the general recollection of its being very entertaining. How glad would I be, if I had then written it down. I am sure it would make a very pretty book, and be much read.

Oh! my Harry, what would I now give for it?

Mr. Brooke then slipped out of the room, and going to his escrutoire took out his manuscript containing every particular of the story as related by his uncle with all its raciness. He immediately returned, and handed him the paper.

The surprise and delight of the uncle, may be easier imagined than described: he embraced his dear nephew, and expressed with rapture, the overflowings of a grateful heart.

Counsellor Brooke now began to write the work which he fancifully entitled "The Fool of Quality." The title it must be acknowledged is rather satirical, as if such a character as the profuse and benevolent hero of his tale, would be considered a fool in the fashionable world.

That the work has some faults must be confessed; many of the characters, and particularly that of the hero, have much too high a colouring; they are not national, and they almost soar above human nature, so that they cease in a measure to be objects of instruction or imitation, the pursuit being hopeless.

The story degenerates towards the close: the mind is carried so far into the regions of fancy, that it leaves probability at an immeasurable

distance; the display of wealth is unnatural, more calculated to dazzle, than to edify, and teach the young mind the vanity of what this world usually calls great and good.

The character of David the reprobate is extremely interesting; but this is its censurableness. Whatever has a tendency to make us admire or pity a vicious character, is apt to influence our taste, pervert our judgment, and make the feelings less abhorrent to vice itself. To keep high the tone of public morals is the first duty of every author, and more especially in works of imagination, where the characters are all the creatures of fancy, and their conduct and its results may be cast in whatever mould the writer pleases.

But while candour obliges to make the foregoing reflections, and a just regard for the innocent young mind, that it may be cautioned against any possible delusions which a highly amused fancy might be betrayed into by so fascinating a writer; it is but justice to add, that it is a work that does honour to the heart that conceived it, and the powers that expressed it. Whether we consider the delineation of characters, the variety of incidents, the interesting nature of the events, the noble thoughts, the lofty generosity, or the just maxims of wisdom and religion which are contained in it, we are

at a loss which most to admire: the story is so bewitching, that if once begun, it is almost impossible to lay down the book until finished: the mind is at once led captive and instructed; while the brilliancy of the language sheds a lustre over the sentiment, the richness of thought ennobles the diction, and you finish the subject in raptures with the author.

Is amusement and humour the object? In these the Fool of Quality pre-eminently excels. Do you wish to grow better and wiser? It contains lessons of instruction which no age, rank or station need be ashamed to learn; and breathes a spirit of piety, by which the devotion of a saint might be exalted.

But why choose the form of a novel, to convey the instructive luxuriance of so powerful a mind?

To this I shall answer in the words of his accomplished daughter:—"Both these books (*Fool of Quality*, and *Juliet Grenville*) were written with a view to moral and religious improvement. A mere novel could never have been planned by a heart and head like his; but he knew that *system* is coldly received, and a set of rules for thought or conduct would be little relished or read: he therefore chose his

story purely as a conduit for instruction; and most successfully he chose it:—at once he charms, elevates, and melts the soul! if I may use the expression, he steals us into goodness, and cheats us into improvement; and while we think he only means to amuse the imagination, he informs the understanding, corrects the judgment, and mends the heart. The fascinating powers of his genius lay the irritation of the mental nerve asleep; while with a kind and skilful hand, he probes the mental wound; or as he makes his Tasso thus elegantly speak in English—

“ His bitter so the friendly leech conceals,
And with the fraud of latent med’cine heals;
To the sick taste, he promises delight,
And obvious sweets the infant lip invite;
Health, ambushed in the potion, is imbibed,
For man must even to happiness be bribed.”

Mr. Brooke seems never for a moment to lose sight of this great end. It was indeed his *character*, and of course is diffused in his works, which breathe throughout the vital spirit of piety and benevolence, and contain not a single line which virtue and religion need blush to own.

His novels were the last of his writings; and

it should not be concealed that the fifth volume of "The Fool of Quality," and his subsequent novel of "Juliet Grenville," were written after the wheels of his mental chariot began to drive heavily.

In these we trace, with a mixture of regret and awe, *amidst inexpressible beauties*, the magnificent ruins of GENIUS.

Although so much has been already said on this subject, the reader will pardon my introducing here a letter of Mr. Wesley's to Mr. Henry Brooke while his uncle was yet alive, and retained a sufficient degree of mental energy to enter into a criticism on his works.

It is dated Hull, July 8th, 1774.

"DEAR HARRY,

"When I read over in Ireland 'The Fool of Quality,' I could not but observe the design of it, to promote the religion of the heart, and that it was well calculated to answer that design; the same thing I observed a week or two ago, concerning 'Juliet Grenville.' Yet there seemed to me, to be a few passages both in the one and in the other, which might be altered to the better: I do not mean, so much

with regard to the sentiments, which are generally very just, as with regard to the structure of the story, which seemed here and there to be not quite clear. I had at first a thought of writing to Mr. Brooke himself, but I did not know whether I might take the liberty. Few authors will thank you, for imagining you are able to correct their works. But if he could bear it, and thinks it would be of any use, I would give another reading to both these works, and send him my thoughts without reserve, just as they occur.

“I admired Miss Brooke* for her silence; her look spake, though not her tongue. If we should live to meet again, I should be glad to hear, as well as see her.”

Some time after this, Mr. Wesley published an edition of the Fool of Quality in an abridged form; of this he speaks in his preface as follows:

I now venture to recommend the following

* The Miss Brooke here mentioned, was the promising and ingenious daughter, who has been already introduced to the reader's acquaintance; and from whose writing, the above quotation respecting her father's novels is made. Mr. Wesley's observation discovers the accuracy of his attention, and the depth of his discernment.

treatise as the most excellent in its kind of any that I have seen, either in the English, or any other language. The lowest excellence therein is the style, which is not only pure in the highest degree; not only clear and proper, every word being used in its true genuine meaning; but frequently beautiful and elegant, and where there is room for it truly sublime.

But what is of far greater value, is the admirable sense, which is conveyed therein, as it sets forth in full view, most of the important truths which are revealed in the oracles of God. And these are not only well illustrated, but also proved in an easy natural manner; so that the thinking reader is taught without any trouble, the most essential doctrines of religion.

But the greatest excellence of all in this treatise is, that it continually strikes at the heart. It perpetually aims at inspiring and encreasing every right affection, at the instilling gratitude to God, and benevolence to man. And it does this, not by dry, dull, tedious precepts; but by the liveliest examples that can be conceived; by setting before your eyes one of the most beautiful pictures that ever was drawn in the world. The strokes

of this are so delicately fine, the touches so easy, natural, and affecting, that I know not who can survey it with tearless eyes, unless he has a heart of stone. I recommend it therefore to all who are already, or desire to be, lovers of God and Man.

CHAP. VII.

*A personal affliction.—Its moral influence.—
An Anecdote.*

WE are now entering upon that period of Mr. Brooke's life which indeed abounded with trials. But if affliction increased, his grace was proportioned to his day; he experienced daily support, and the consolations of God's Holy Spirit were neither few nor small.

In the month of January 1779, he slipped in the street during a frost and broke his leg. The season of the year was peculiarly unfavourable to his recovery; and added to this, fearing lest he should excessively frighten Mrs. Brooke who was very nervous and delicate, if he permitted himself to be carried home upon a board, he submitted to be dragged in and out of a carriage with his broken limb: this considerably increased the inflammation. When examined by the surgeon, it was found to be a compound fracture.

He was now laid upon his back in bed, from which he was not able to rise for several months; and in addition to the misery pro-

ceeding from the accident, he was seized shortly after with violent pain in his bowels that threatened an inflammation.

It was a full year before Mr. Brooke was able to walk abroad; the long continuance of acute pain, the wearisome nights appointed to him, and the weakness that succeeded, laid the foundation of that infirmity, in a constitution not naturally robust, which afflicted him the remainder of his life, and in fine brought on that excessively painful nervous disorder in his head, which terminated in his death.

But it was under the pressure of this suffering, that the genuine christian character appeared, rising superior to his pain, and burning brightly in the furnace of affliction.

No impatient remarks—no murmuring thoughts—no want of resignation appeared in any part of his conduct. His manners were mild and thankful; his behaviour patient, submissive, and courteous; his conversation cheerful and instructive. His friends admitted to his bedside were profited both by his advice, and by the living example before them, which testified the power of divine grace, and enabled him to say and to feel, “When I am weak, then am I strong, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.”

His soul felt humbled and chastened ; he became like a little child, in the true spiritual acceptance. While thus chastised by the hand of God, he knew well the love that guided the infliction ; he sunk into the depths of self-abasement and abandonment of himself to the will of God ; and being thus humbled, he became more truly exalted, and rose into the mysterious heights of advanced holiness. He now more fully entered into that hidden spiritual life which is with Christ in God, and could add in joyful expectation with the Apostle, " When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

From the period of this afflictive dispensation, Mr. Brooke continued to manifest a peculiar deadness to the world ; he appeared to live as on the verge of heaven, to breathe its atmosphere, and be more allied to it, than to his kindred earth. He was like a fine toned instrument always in tune. If at any time throughout the day, he met amidst the thronging multitude, a spirit congenial to his own, he had always a word in season, was prepared to give vent to his spiritual feelings, and to fan the spark of divine love into an holy flame in the breast of him with whom he conversed ; while with streaming eyes and heart up lifted

to heaven, he discovered his sense of the Divine presence, and the overshadowing of almighty love.

As Mr. Brooke found favourable opportunity, he always improved it, and bore testimony for his Master, whatever cross stood in the way. Sometimes he had the painful task of reproving the hardened sinner; on such an occasion he was indeed a Boanerges; he would array before the sinner's face, the terrors of God's law, till he has extorted a confession similar to the Psalmist's, "My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments."

Whenever he was left alone in company with an ungodly person, I have heard Mr. Brooke more than once say, that he considered such person as then given into his hand by God, and opportunity afforded him to let his light shine on that benighted mind, peradventure God might be glorified and a soul saved. He therefore seized the favourable moment, and in a mild and engaging manner declared the Gospel of Christ, shedding on the uninformed sinful heart rays of divine truth, which at once tended to illuminate and warm; and a glow has sometimes been thus excited, which eventually kindled a fire that ever burned on the

altar, fed by the sweet attractions of redeeming love.

Whilst Mr. Brooke had a quick and powerful mind, it was remarkably tempered with a graciousness of manner that peculiarly attracted attention. It was by this sweetness of mien that he gained the greatest influence; and his most efficacious spiritual exercises in respect to others, were by means of his gently instilling into soft and tender minds those gracious admonitions, which had a secret, though powerful and lasting effect. In the use of this talent he had many seals given to his private ministrations, who will be diadems of beauty in his crown of rejoicing, throughout the day of eternity.

The confinement occasioned by Mr. Brooke breaking his leg, caused such an interruption in the course of his business, that he never after fully recovered it. His profession required him to take frequent and long walks, attending pupils from house to house. He was therefore now unable to attend as many pupils as formerly. Yet he continued to proceed in the circle marked out for him by Providence with unabated diligence, as far as his strength permitted.

He most cheerfully submitted to the wisdom

of that dispensation in the present condition of human nature, which has enjoined, "In the sweat of thy brow, shalt thou eat bread." He therefore in weariness and painfulness, though with great abatement of emolument fulfilled his daily task, and thus lingered through a state of great bodily infirmity for above twenty-seven years.

It was not very long after his recovery from this accident, that the following little anecdote in his life took place :

In consequence of some serious divisions in the society, Mr. Brooke had written to Mr. Wesley to come over, and if possible, by his influence and authority, prevent the evil which must ensue, if the apprehended breach took place.

After Mr. Brooke had forwarded the letter, his prudent mind began to grow alarmed from the consideration, that if Mr. Wesley accepted the invitation to Dublin, he would certainly come to his house; and he well knew, that this would bring upon him a considerable expense, which he was not at all prepared to meet, as his present earnings only defrayed his family expenses; and he abhorred incurring debt.

While in this dilemma, a gentleman came to

him and said, "Sir, I am going to make a tour through the country; it is my intention to make some drawings and sketches of the scenery as I travel along; and I am very desirous of improving myself in the art, by reaping the benefit of your instruction while I remain in town: if you will give me one hour every day, you shall have a guinea for each visit."

Mr. Brooke accepted the terms, and regularly attended him.

On the very day of his commencing with this gentleman, Mr. Wesley landed in Dublin, and came as expected to Mr. Brooke's house, where he remained for three weeks.

Mr. Brooke continued to pay his daily visit to the gentleman, from whom he regularly received his guinea, during the whole of Mr. Wesley's stay.

On the morrow of the day on which Mr. Wesley returned to England, the gentleman told Mr. Brooke, that he was about immediately proceeding on his intended route, and therefore had no further occasion for his attendance.

The emolument of this extra and unexpected instruction, just defrayed Mr. Brooke's extraordinary expenses during Mr. Wesley's conti-

nuance at his house, and relieved all his fears of pecuniary embarrassment.

Different reflections will here naturally arise in the minds of various readers: I shall simply offer one thought; that it was the minute superintendence of Divine Providence, to provide for a necessary occurrence, which was planned and executed in the will of God. I believe this was Mr. Brooke's own view of it.

CHAP. VIII.

Some account of Mr. Fletcher's visit to Dublin.

IN the year 1782, the Rev. John William De La Flechere, Vicar of Madeley, in Shropshire, received a pressing invitation from many serious persons in Dublin, to come over and spend a little time among them, in the expectation that such a visit might be made a general blessing.

Mr. Brooke was the person selected to convey to Mr. Fletcher their unanimous wish. He accordingly wrote to him on the subject. If Mr. Brooke's letter were to be had, it would be read with a considerable degree of interest in this place; but as I have found among Mr. Brooke's papers, Mr. Fletcher's answer to this application, I shall here gratify the reader with its contents.

Madeley, 20th April, 1782.

MY DEAR SIR,

Last Saturday I received your kind invitation to take a journey to Dublin with my wife;

and we join in most sincere thanks for the kind and generous offers which accompany that invitation.

Two reasons at this time concur to make me *postpone* the accepting of it: for not to mention my weak state of health, I have been so long absent from my parish, that my parishioners have a just claim to my stated labours for some time; and Mr. Bayly my Curate, being wanted at Kingswood school, I must serve my own church myself, and the duty is so continual, that I dare not go twenty miles from home, much less to a neighbouring kingdom.

Providence *may*, if it be for the glory of God, make a way for me to go, and return you my thanks in person; in the mean time, I beg you, Sir, to present them to all our brethren who set their hand to your kind letter. If I took you, Sir, for the author of the Fool of Quality, I thought I saw his style, in the style of your letter: however I was not *much* mistaken; your pen is nearly allied to his, as your blood is to his. May one Spirit, the humble loving Spirit of Jesus, make us all of one heart and soul! may we, notwithstanding the channel that separates our bodies, rejoice that one truth unites our souls; and that the common faith and love makes us join daily in

Christ our common head ! So prays, dear Sir,

Your affectionate, obliged
Brother and servant,

J. F.

But although Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher declined coming over to Dublin that year, there was sufficient ground to hope that they might yet be prevailed on : accordingly the ensuing year another letter was sent, containing a still more pressing invitation, and signed by a great number of persons ; in expectation that the reasons which had before operated to prevent their coming were removed.

Mr. Fletcher was a man who in every transaction of his life, took God into the account ; considering what was the duty then required of him. Liking or disliking were both alike unknown to him, when he thought the cause of God was concerned, and that good or evil might succeed according to the fidelity he shewed.

Notwithstanding that travelling was at this time rather incommodious and disagreeable, yet as it appeared both to Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, that this second invitation to Dublin,

at a time when no absolute impediment stood in their way, was a call from God, they determined in His fear, to comply with it; they accordingly undertook the journey, and in the month of August 1783, arrived safely in Dublin, where they met a most cordial reception, and were hospitably entertained.

Their principal host was William Smith Esq. under whose friendly roof they resided while they continued in Dublin, for about six weeks.

If expectations were raised among christian friends in Dublin at the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, they were more than realized by their presence among them: for it is not exceeding the truth to say, that a more powerful, and profitable visit has scarcely been made by a Christian Minister to a Christian Church since the days of the Apostles. The writer of this feeble attempt to describe it, remembers it with pleasure, though he regrets that from his youth at the time, he was not capable of receiving that spiritual profit by it, which if he had been older, he might have experienced.

A blessed revival of true religion, serious, deep, and lasting, was the immediate effect through God's blessing on their unwearied labours both in public and private. All minor

differences were laid aside, and one spirit seemed to actuate the whole, "A striving together for the faith of the Gospel." Some who had long been professors, but whose religion seemed to have degenerated into a lifeless formality, were roused from their lukewarmness, and had their hearts thoroughly warmed by the fire of divine love. Some who were measuring their steps back again to earth, were convinced of their fallen state, and led to look to HIM who would heal their backslidings, and love them freely. Many sinners were alarmed in their consciences, and constrained to cry out from a heart-felt sense of their lost condition, "What shall I do to be saved?"

The exhaustless savour of that spirit of grace which in Mr. Fletcher was like a pure springing well, was tasted by all who had communion with him, and is even fresh in the recollection of some who at this day remember the preciousness of his visit. The Spirit of the Master so eminently rested on the disciple, that the reflected light shone to all around, and his words were indeed "with grace, seasoned with salt, and fit to minister grace to the hearers."

Mr. Fletcher's eminent gift appeared to be in the earnestness and success with which he pressed believers "To go on unto perfection." To this point his exhortations and advice al-

most continually tended. His own soul was ever athirst for the full salvation of God, and to see it exemplified in others, that they might possess the whole mind that was in Jesus Christ, be fully renewed in the spirit of their minds, and have their hearts full, brim full, overflowing with love to God and man, was the ultimate and main endeavour of all his ministerial labours. He was indeed a master workman in God's household: and could bring out of the treasury, truths applicable and fitting for every single step of the spiritual building. Whether to a Church, or an Individual, with all the warmth of zeal, the earnestness of affection, and the wisdom of an holy and an enlightened mind, he would stir them up to seek the full enjoyment of their privileges, by putting them in remembrance "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ."

His public ministry was uncommonly powerful; and in almost all the private social meetings which were held in Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher's company, the divine presence appeared to overshadow the assembly. On this subject Mr. Brooke thus expresses himself writing to his father—

“ 6th Sept. 1783.

“ All description would fall so far short of giving any idea of the matter, that I shall only say, that the same grace and power which attends his pulpit lectures, and gathers innumerable crowds of hungering, thirsting souls to flock to his ministry ; the same or more abundant attends his company and conversation in private. He seems never—no never for a moment to turn his eye from the one great object of our faith and love, and continually to stir up (by spiritualizing the most trivial matters) all around him to love and praise. He seems to live and breathe nothing else.

Oh ! that you could partake with us.”

In another letter to his father, Mr. Brooke writes as follows :

“ I wish it were in my power to convey to you the substance and energy of those precious and excellent discourses, which we are frequently blessed with from that pious ambassador of Christ Mr. Fletcher. But though I should be able to glance at the principal truths which he advances in any sermon, yet they must fall exceeding short, and appear flat and dead, in comparison to that fire and life which

accompanies all he says ; for his words are the living sparks that rush from the furnace of divine love glowing in his heart ; and if they fall upon ice itself, though they cannot kindle it, yet they prove themselves fire by their sharpness and hissing.

They could not enter in because of unbelief.

Heb. iii. 19.

“Faith has great thoughts, high thoughts of God—honour him by believing in his love, his omnipotent power, his infinite willingness.—Unbelief has narrow contracted notions ; mean low thoughts of him ; puts him at a distance, and withdraws itself from him. Unbelief discredits his word, disgraces his offers, slights his invitations, contemns his mercies, and will not of his favours. Faith embraces his offers, relies on his promises, exerts his present grace, and confides in his power : and thus despising all opposition and clothing itself with the promised omnipotency of God, overcomes all hindrance. Unbelief shuts the doors, closes the windows, and bars up every avenue and entrance of the grace and power of God. Faith opens the doors, throws up the windows, and stands watching and waiting, crying out, come in, help, save, my Lord and my God.

“ In short he represents ‘ Unbelief’ the most base, low, disgraceful quality.—‘ Faith’ the highest, noblest, most exalting of God, most exhilarating and transforming power.

“ Unbelief” binds up God’s hand, restrains his power, intercepts his mercies, and repulses his favours. ‘ Faith’ calls upon him for the most glorious displays, and invites him to the exercise of the most gracious of his attributes.

“ Oh ! for the living power of this glorious and transforming Faith, that we may for ourselves enter into that glorious liberty, that promised rest that remains for the children of God.”

And in a subsequent letter, Mr. Brooke adds,

“ Mr. Fletcher continues to preach still upon the powers of Faith, the wonder-working, transforming, omnipotent powers. What new lights has he thrown upon this subject ! One really feels such an animating power while he presses upon them the sacred influence of the holy Name JESUS, that all enemies seem to dwindle into grasshoppers, and they are ready to cry out, ‘ Up, let us go, and take the land for our possession.’

“ Your letter of enquiry I shewed to Mr. Fletcher, who read it with pleasure, and desired his sincere love to you with the most ardent wishes and prayers for your prosperity, and desires to be numbered among your children, and liberty (with Mr. Smyth) to call you Father. He says that the servant cannot be above his Lord, nor the disciple above his Master. That there is no doubt but it is our privilege to rejoice evermore, to pray without ceasing, and in every thing to give thanks. But that in every temptation, through every trial, under the severest crosses, and throughout the darkest desertion, the invisible hand will communicate a secret power and unseen support; carry us victorious throughout; and though dying on the inward and outward cross will enable us to cry out, ‘ Even though *Thou* hast forsaken me, yet *Thou* art my Lord, and my God.’ ”

Previous to Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher’s visit to Dublin, the state of religion was rather low, even among those that possessed some degree of the power of godliness; but *they* appeared indeed as labourers specially sent by the Lord of the vineyard, to prune and dig about the barren fig trees, and make them fruitful.

In the intercourse of christian society, it is frequently a cause of barrenness, that the conversation is rather *about* religion, than *religi-*

ous: hence it follows, that the company break up, without reaping any spiritual improvement.

Wherein then lies the distinction? Conversation about religion is addressed merely to the *head*; some subject that occupies the understanding alone, which although it may be *wise*, is *cold*. Religious conversation includes the understanding by all means, but does not rest in the mere reasoning faculty; it penetrates deeper, makes for the heart, and warms it; dives into the inmost soul, raises the affections, and kindles a flame of love. Therefore the company are not only wiser, they are bettered by it.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher always as glowing embers themselves, communicated their heat and light; their own conversation, or that entertained in their company never staid at dry discussion; their aim ever was for the utmost profit of their friends, by leading them from the outward to the inward, from the creature to the Creator, from themselves to Christ.

Select religious meetings were now frequently held in private society, and Mr. Brooke was always one of the company invited to meet Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. In him they found a man after their own heart, pressing towards the mark, and prepared by his spirit, his under-

standing, and conversation, to second their views and uphold them in their own apostolical determination, "to know nothing (among their friends in Dublin) save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

To live near the fountain head of bliss, to abide in Christ, is the sure and only way to secure spiritual happiness and fruitfulness; it was this that made these servants of God so eminently holy and useful; and those who followed them as they followed Christ, though they might not be possessed of their exalted gifts, they possessed what was more valuable, a measure of the same humble piety.

When Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher were about to take their departure from Dublin, the following circumstance took place,* which I shall

* This anecdote (the only one hitherto published of Mr. Fletcher's visit to Dublin,) was contained in a letter of Mr. Brooke to the Rev. J. Gilpin, and by him incorporated in his notes on "Fletcher's Portrait of St. Paul," and from thence transferred by Mr. Benson to his very excellent and edifying Life of Mr. Fletcher.

The present account would be imperfect without it; and will be read with pleasure and interest by such of my readers as are not in possession of either of the other works just mentioned. Mr. Brooke's friends will recognise in it, his lively and animated powers of description.

here set down just as Mr. Brooke who was an eye witness of the scene has described it.

“ Upon his going to leave us, knowing the scanty pittance he received from his parish, we thought it but an act of common honesty, to refund him the expense he had been at in coming; and to bear his charges back again. Accordingly after he had preached on the last evening of his stay among us, the stewards and trustees united to press his acceptance of a small purse, not as a present, but as a debt justly due to him. But he firmly and absolutely refused it. At length being very urgent with him and importunate to an excess, he took the purse in his hand—Well, said he, do you really force it upon me? Must I accept it? Is it entirely mine, and may I do what I please with it? Yes, yes, we all replied. God be praised then, God be praised, said he, casting his brimful eyes up towards heaven; behold what a mercy is here! Your poor’s fund was just out; I heard some of you complaining, that it was never so low before; take this purse, God has sent it to you, raised it among yourselves, bestowed it upon your poor. You cannot deny me, it is sacred to them, God be praised! I thank you, I heartily thank you, my dear kind brethren.”

Thus was his free gospel a bountiful provi-

sion for our poor, while this last generous action served to harrow in the precious seed, that his labour of love had been sowing among us. Indeed it was a crowning of his labours, a sealing of his message that will never be forgotten by us, that is registered in the pages of eternity, and will follow him among those works, that he ever gloried to cast at the feet of Jesus.

The following additional memoranda are here set down together, as they have been collected from the memories of friends, and for which I am principally indebted to Mr. John Sharman, who enjoyed much of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher's society in Dublin.

“At a public prayer meeting Mr. Fletcher observed:—My dear friends, I felt myself very much discouraged this morning, thinking that I was doing no good, and that no fruits of my visit to Dublin appeared; but as I passed along, I observed several little boys with a string and a piece of leather fastened to the end of it, pulling stones in the street; well, I thought, shall not the love of Christ draw up our stony hearts towards himself, and raise us above the ruins of this perishable world. It removed all my despondency, and filled me with a comfortable hope and expectation that

some here would be profited—the observation was attended with a remarkable blessing.”

On another occasion he remarked:—“ I cannot bear to hear people complaining of their unbelief, but in a scriptural manner, ‘ Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.’ And in speaking on the faith of Thomas, when our Lord replied to him, ‘ Thomas, because thou has seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.’ I would rather (said he) believe the bare word of God, than that Jesus Christ should descend in all his glory to tell me; for I would then have the blessing of believing without seeing; for *rather* blessed are they that have not seen, yet have believed.”

“ Being at the house of a pious lady who was rather in a desponding state of mind, and complained of her unbelief, he exhorted her earnestly to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ *now*, that she might by that living faith embrace Christ as her exalted Saviour, and taste and see that the Lord is gracious. She replied, she would believe, if she could feel happy in her soul.

“ On his rising to go away, she filled him a glass of wine, and requested him to take it. He expressively looked at her, and in reference to her former reply answered, Madam, I must not take your wine, until I feel the good of it in my stomach.”

“ In the course of conversation, the subject was introduced respecting the hinderances to the making of a progress in the divine life; Mr. Fletcher remarked, that a grand hinderance, was holding something that ought to be given up; if (said he) a man wish to climb a rope, and at the same time hold pebbles in each hand, he will not be able to accomplish it: but let him cast away the stones from his hands, and he will mount with ease.”

With such familiar illustrations, and by a peculiar talent he possessed, of spiritualizing trivial and passing occurrences, did Mr. Fletcher call the attention, and win the heart, to divine and heavenly pursuits.

In a large company, a person present requested Mr. Fletcher to mention his thoughts respecting the different dispensations of the

Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost in reference to Christian experience. After some pause, he illustrated the subject by an allusion to the several courts of Solomon's temple, which consisted of an outward Court, the Holy place, and the Most Holy place.

The outward Court worshippers exemplified the state of penitent seekers of salvation drawn by the Father, but in whom the Son was not yet revealed as the *only* and all sufficient Saviour.

The second Court, or Holy place, represented such as had obtained the precious faith of the Gospel, by which being justified, they have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

The inward Court, or Holy of Holies, represented the state of such holy persons, as having passed through the first and second Court, were wholly sanctified by the Eternal Spirit, and having entered into the Holiest by the blood of Jesus, offered continually spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.

These enjoyed continual communion with their Divine Master, and dwelt as in the immediate presence of the Almighty. He further

observed, that at the death of Christ, the vail was rent which separated between the Holy and the Most Holy place, which signified that the way was now opened for all spiritual sacrificers to enter and worship in the Most Holy place; and such was the glory there manifested, that beams of light and glory burst forth from the Most Holy, emitted a bright and vivifying radiance through the Holy place, and the sweet beams of light and attraction reached even to the outward Court to visit and refresh the outer worshippers.

He added also, that under each dispensation of the Father, Son, and Spirit so represented and illustrated, there was a progressive work, which he compared to babes, young men and fathers. That a father under the first, approached so near a babe under the next higher dispensation; and a father in the second, came so near the state of a babe in the third; that it was not easy to draw the line of distinction clearly between them. That truly adult christians passed through all these several approximations and stages of advancement in a longer or shorter time; yet so rapid was the progress of some, from the outward Court, through the Holy, into the Most Holy place, that they could hardly mark distinctly the steps of their procedure.

Mr. Thomas Rutherford had preached on John xv. 16. "That whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my Name, he may give it you."

In the conclusion of his sermon he particularly enforced on believers their privilege of loving God with all their heart, and pressed upon them to seek, and ask of God an experimental knowledge of those depths in religion which the Apostle Paul prayed might be fulfilled in the Ephesian Church, "to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and be filled with the fulness of God," and "to come unto the measure of the fulness of Christ."

After the congregation was dismissed, the members of society held a meeting, for which Mr. Fletcher staid.

During the ordinance Mr. Fletcher stood up to speak: I have been tracing my experience (said he) through our dear brother Rutherford's discourse. He has described the state of one justified; and I know and feel that I am justified through the blood of the Lamb. He has described the state of one whose heart is wholly given up to God; mine is so given up; oh! I love God with all my heart, but I am not filled, I have not come to the measure of the fulness of Christ. Lift up your hearts and voices while we sing a verse of an hymn.

Oh that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow !
 Burn up the dross of base desire,
 And make the mountains flow.
 Refining fire go through my heart,
 Illuminate my soul ;
 Scatter thy life thro' every part,
 And sanctify the whole.

You have now sang it for yourselves ; sing this verse again for me, but sing, " And glorify the whole." Let me first tell you what I mean ; it is, that I may be filled with the fulness of God ; he then gave out again,

Refining fire go through my heart,
 Illuminate my soul ;
 Scatter thy life thro' every part,
 And glorify the whole.

After singing he prayed with an holy fervor and power, such as have seldom been witnessed, and the silent heaven of divine love reigned throughout the assembly.

CHAP. IX.

Of the state of Religion.—Mr. Brooke's views and feelings.—Family trials and mercies.

IT has been already shewn that the state of religious society was much improved by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher's visit: their ardent love and unwearied zeal provoked very many; so that the kindled flame continued to burn brightly. The public means of grace were numerously attended, and the sweet influences of divine love efficaciously experienced; the word preached was with power, and many souls were savingly converted.

Private meetings for the sole purpose of religious fellowship were also frequently held; and here indeed they truly found, that Christ manifested himself unto them, as he doth not unto the world. The language of the poet expressed the feelings of their souls,

And if our fellowship below

With Jesus be so sweet:

What heights of rapture shall we know

When round his throne we meet.

Mr. Brooke's own feelings appear to have been heightened, and his views enlarged. In a letter to his father, dated 6th March 1784, he thus conveys his sentiments in strong language:—

“What a glorious prospect is it, when Faith enlightened by a bold imagination, leaps forward with a desperate plunge into a glorious eternity, and triumphs in the joys of a thousand years hence! What a meeting! What a company! Not only Jesus the supreme ever blessed God; but the innumerable company of the spirits of just men made perfect—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, &c. &c. &c.—all the redeemed of the Lord—those who have come up out of great tribulation, having washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

“How many precious souls, who were *once* as we, clothed with flesh and blood, and subject to all the passions, infirmities, temptations. But now redeemed, released, glorified; receiving for those light afflictions which are but for a moment, the far more exceeding and eternal weight of Glory.” “Blessed be God that we ever were born. Amen.”

And in a subsequent letter, dated 13th March, he writes again to his Father:

“ In the will of God is the summit of all our salvation on earth, and our glorification in heaven : therefore has our compassionate Lord taught us to pray “ *thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven.*” We can go no higher here ; Angels can go no higher in heaven. How does this sweeten our bitter cup ; soften our sorrows ; lighten the weight of our sufferings ; and alleviate every pang ? *Momentary* afflictions have in view *eternal* rewards : and *light* pains shall be recompensed with a *weight* of endless glory. Oh ! my dear Sir, what a privilege have we, that we may unite our trials to those of the suffering Son of God, and however trivial our cross or crosses may be, it is the adorable Providence of God appoints them for us, and calls us by his Spirit, cheerfully, manfully, and faithfully to take them up, and slay the entangled ram of our fallen nature in these his appointed ways ; appointed by weight and measure, a daily medicine for the running sore of sin. Glory be to God, that though he sees we are neither able to bear, nor willing to take up glorious crosses, and mighty afflictions ; yet he compassionates the day of small things, and gives sufficient medicine and food for our daily health and sustenance.

“ Oh ! Sir, how happy would it be to rise every morning, with a heart truly and deeply grateful for the long detail of daily mercies,

life, health, means of grace, friends, food and raiment, competency, &c. &c. Such a grateful remembrance in the morning would season the whole day, and prepare for a due acceptance of the daily cross; for a *daily* we must meet, whether we take it up or not; the adorable love and wisdom of God takes peculiar care to distribute these golden opportunities—these precious bitters, to the internal state and ailment of each patient in His great hospital, the true *HOTEL de DIEU*.

Mr. Fletcher seemed to think that all professing christians lived now *in* and under an Ante-Pentecostal dispensation: or rather under the Drawings of the FATHER to the SON; and such kind of faith *in*, and knowledge *of* the Son, as the disciples enjoyed before the Holy Ghost was given on the day of Pentecost; that the Church is *now* in the wilderness, although just on the *eve* of coming forth again in much more abundant power and glory, than even in the first Jerusalem Christian State, while the Apostles were yet living.”

It was about a year after this time, that those unfavourable circumstances began to make their appearance, in the concerns of the manufacture carrying on at Prosperous, which had so unhappy a termination.

All the sensibilities of Mr. Brooke's feeling heart were now, as may well be supposed, tried to the very quick. The trials of his brother, he felt as his own; and in the sympathies of his nature, he was almost an equal sufferer, but in no other respect was he concerned; writing to a very intimate and kind friend he thus expresses himself:

"Many, many thanks to you for your cautions, about engaging or embarrassing myself in worldly affairs; you have been a kind and wary pilot amidst such shoals, and blessed be God, he gave me light and grace to keep perfectly free.

"I am enabled to follow my business as usual, except now and then in a day of remarkable perplexity and distress, that I have been obliged to go off to the country, or assort papers—but that is now nearly over, as affairs are almost come to their climax. I am sorry to say that I cannot yet ascertain where the ruin will end. May God mitigate their sufferings and provide the means to escape. Oh! how precious to find in the midst of the storm, the anchor cast within the vail, and the promised peace of a mind stayed upon God. How bright are the rays of eternity, when (like gleams of the sun in a stormy day) they shine between the black clouds of calamity and dis-

tress—how endeared the asylum of futurity to the captive exile that hasteneth, that he may be loosed.

“I find by my brother’s papers that the spark however buried in the embers, was ever alive when blown upon; or to use his own phrase, the string was ever tuned, though it did not always vibrate.”

In the month of April 1787, when the catastrophe was over, Mr. Brooke writes to his ever dear and honoured mother, the submissive and grateful effusions of a christian mind:

* * * * Indeed, my dear mother, I have longed with great earnestness for the opportunity of an hour or two’s conversation with you. The wonderful dispensations of Providence to our family have been, and continues to be so remarkably pointed, as is sufficient to fill us with abasement and adoration—abasement, at the abuse we have all made in our degree of the manifold gifts and indulgent blessings which were lent us for a season—and adoration, for that tender mercy which has chastened us in measure, not according to our deserts, but his own infinite mercy and loving kindness in Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.

“What reason have we all for unspeakable

gratitude, for the many blessings left us which we daily enjoy—and to trust fully in his providential care and protection of those that are left us. Indeed we have all imaginable reason to believe, that every thing hitherto has been guided by unerring wisdom for the best, and no reason to doubt but it will continue to be so.

“ Oh, my dear mother, how blessed the prospect opens, when eternity is the object? How light is every affliction! how short is every trouble! and how very, very trifling, transient, and momentary, all the varying scenes and perplexities of this troublesome life.—Dreams—mere dreams, and shadows of the night. But we shall waken to realities, glorious realities, when patience has had its perfect work, and faith and hope which have grown and flourished during the winter of life, shall be wove into a garland for to crown us in eternity—not a sorrow, not a thorn of all our sufferings shall be forgotten: but he that has worn the largest and thickest crown of thorns, in our dear Lord and Saviour’s crucified spirit, a spirit of meekness, patience, and resignation here, shall wear the largest and brightest diadem of glory hereafter. Courage my dear mother! we shall yet see our dear Saviour’s face, with all our little ones and friends who

are gone before, and never, never, part any more."

To his brother-in-law who had suffered considerably in his circumstances on the sad occasion, he writes about the same time, in the following pious and encouraging language :

"Those that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded, world without end. Fear not, let not your heart be dismayed nor discouraged ; only look up to Him who is acquainted with all your sorrows. To Him,

Who points the clouds their course,

Whom winds and seas obey,

He shall direct thy wandering feet,

He shall prepare thy way.

Look up ! fresh courage take ;

The clouds you so much dread,

Are big with mercies, and shall break

In blessings on your head.

"God has been pleased in his infinite wisdom and tender mercy, to plunge you into inextricable difficulties and embarrassments of very peculiar entanglement ; He has his own wise ends to answer in your humiliations. Call upon Him in the time of trouble, and he will hear, and he will answer ; you shall lose nothing in this fiery trial but the dross ; you

shall come forth, as gold refined in the furnace.

“ It is peculiarly necessary at this time for you, to cast all your care upon HIM who careth for you; divest yourself as far as possible of every care and solicitude. Why should you break your back, and your heart, with the endeavouring in vain to support burdens that you are called upon to cast on HIM, who is willing and able to sustain you. ‘ Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you.’ Gracious invitation, blessed words. Look round you; the Lord has abundantly blessed you. Call to mind his past mercies. What wonderful deliverances! what hairbreadth escapes! Did he ever fail you, one day, one hour? And is the Lord’s arm shortened that he cannot save? Is his power diminished that he cannot deliver? Is any thing too hard for God? No! my dear brother: call up all your courage; call up all your burdens: cast yourself and them together at the feet of the crucified; never fear, he will not turn you away, he will in no wise cast you out. He knoweth that you have need of all these things, and He will supply you. Encourage your Sally to trust in the God of her fathers; cheer my poor dear mother with a knowledge of your confidence in God. It is a trying time; but He will support and strengthen your

heart; as your day is, so shall your strength be: for HE will lay no more on you, than he will enable you to bear; his promise is true and faithful. Look forward—look upward.”

Thus was Mr. Brooke both by his advice and by his example, the prop of the declining years of his aged parent; the solace of his tried and dear relations; the spiritual counsellor of his enquiring friends; and the delight of all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, or the happiness of having any intercourse with him.

It should be observed, that Mr. Brooke's father had died very shortly before those trying circumstances of the family took place. He departed in peace, being taken by a kind Providence from the quickly approaching evils. Mr. Brooke often mentioned this as an instance of God's loving kindness and mercy, as from his father's delicately feeling mind, and weak and aged constitution, the shock would probably have been more than he could have borne.

In July 1794, Mr. Brooke gave in marriage Maria Jane, his eldest surviving daughter and child to Isaac D'Olier, the son of his particular friends whose names have been before mentioned.

Of this connection he always expressed himself with great satisfaction, and frequently declared his thankfulness and gratitude to God for it. He lived to see seven grand-children, the fruit of this marriage.

CHAP. X.

Of Mr. Brooke's last sickness.—His death and character.

THE constitution of Mr. Brooke was naturally delicate; when an infant he was sickly; and although he outgrew the weakness of childhood, he continued of a spare habit; and after the breaking of his leg, he never fully recovered his strength or health.

About three years previously to his death, a most extraordinary and agonizing complaint seized him, beyond the power of medical aid to reach, or even to alleviate; this was a violent shooting pain from the lower part of his face, up through his eyes and to the crown of his head. In attempting to describe the agonies he felt, he has told me, that the sensation was like that of a red hot iron thrust into his eye ball.

When a paroxysm of pain was over, (and which he had very frequent,) his usual exclamation was an expression of praise, "thank God," and often added, I only fear lest I should feel impatient, or be too solicitous to have my

disorder removed. God's time is best; the rod is in the hands of my heavenly Father; not one twig more will he lay on me, than his love knows to be necessary, wholly to subdue my rebellious nature; the cup which my Father and my God hath put into my hand, shall I not drink it? Oh yes! that I will to the very dregs.

Although suffering under this extreme pain and feebleness, yet he continued daily going out to attend his pupils, even when scarcely able to walk, believing it to be his duty as a christian, to avoid being burdensome so long as it was possible for him to make any exertions; and frequently from his sufferings of pain in the street, he has been obliged to lay hold on the railing of some contiguous house, to keep himself on his feet.

Mr. Brooke had laid it down as the maxim which governed his life, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where the rust and moth doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

Under the influence of this precept, which was as congenial to his mind as he considered

it imperative, he was contented to live the petition which our blessed Lord taught his disciples, "Give us day by day our daily bread."

He possessed an uncommonly liberal mind; and his charities were never circumscribed by the cold calculations or frigid principles of economy; wherever he found distress, his benevolence knew no other restraint but the possibility of relieving it to the utmost; and often has he come home weary and pennyless, after visiting in remote and filthy habitations, the poor and the afflicted.

From such disposition and conduct, it happened as might be expected; he had laid by no stores for himself, but preferred trusting his old age in the hands of that God, who had protected and fed him through life.

And surely none ever trusted in God and were confounded. Mr. Brooke was not disappointed; when his strength failed, his wants were all supplied almost by an invisible hand: and herein he acknowledged with very peculiar gratitude the overflowing goodness of God: his treasure had been laid up above, and from heaven was it handed back to him as he had need.

For the last year of his life, he was obliged to confine himself entirely to the house; and for about six months previous to his decease, he scarcely ever left his bed, looking daily for his deliverance by death, for which he earnestly sighed, his hope being full of immortality: yet he never murmured, but every morning thanked God, that he was so much nearer to eternity.

His complaint was of such a nature, that he could neither speak, nor swallow, without the hazard of being thrown into a violent convulsion of the nerves of his face, and the extremest agony; so that his words were few, but always cheerful. When able to speak, he was never weary of repeating that expression of the Apostle in which his soul found such delight, from the experience of that reconciliation which had taken place between God and his own soul, and the rejoicing for those blessings which were prepared for the whole world, of which they might be made the happy partakers; "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them."

If Mr. Brooke possessed any bigotry, it was for his Bible. The Scriptures were his daily companion through life; and his soul fed

with delight on the rich and precious promises of the Gospel.

If any one part of the sacred writings were more dear to him than another, it were those places which spake of the spread of the Gospel and the extent of Christ's Kingdom.

His soul was so ardently attached to his Redeemer, that he thought his power and glory, and the manifestation of his love could never be sufficiently felt and acknowledged, till Christ the Saviour was crowned, "LORD OF ALL."

When therefore on his death-bed, his chief joy was listening to the Scriptures read; and when any particular prophecy, or special promise occurred, he would make a pause, call the attention of the reader to it; and if able to speak, make some pertinent and edifying observation.

Next to the Bible, Mr. Brooke's manual of devotion, and which he prized above all other books, was the General Hymn Book.

In this he found expressions suited to his state, whether of joy or sorrow, depression or exultation. His own natural taste for poetry,

gave him a peculiar relish for the sublime flights of devotion which he found among these hymns, of which it may with truth be affirmed, that they equally excel in the spirit of poetry, and in the spirit of piety.

To relieve the sameness of a lingering death-bed scene, his affectionate friend and benefactress Mrs. Blachford, whose warm friendship and kindness had been undiminished for thirty years, now constantly attended him. She continued with unwearied assiduity to assist him to the last moments of his life; and when his pain left him capable of attention, used to read by his bed side the lives, and happy deaths, of some of those worthies who lived and died in the Lord; the accounts of such characters would fill his soul with holy rapture, and cause him to break forth in praises and thanksgivings to the great Redeemer. When contemplating the battles they had won in the spiritual combat; how they had fought the good fight, had finished their course, and had now laid hold on the crown of righteousness which the Lord the Righteous Judge had given them, he could not refrain his earnest longings to be with Christ, and rejoiced that he knew his race was nearly run.

When visited by any whom he believed to be truly christian, it always re-animated him,

and he would express his thanks in the most grateful and humble manner. No pains, no vexations, no neglect or unkindness produced from him more than a sigh of pity, or an expression of resignation; and he often with tears, blessed God for the kindness of his dear children, and his affectionate relations, and faithful friends.

It had been observed by a few of Mr. Brooke's most intimate friends, that for some time preceding the last year of his life, they thought a dulness had insensibly stolen upon him, owing to the frequency of his pain, and the necessity it imposed upon him of appearing reserved in his manners; but there never appeared any thing like a real affecting of his understanding.

However God put honour upon his servant, and made peculiarly brilliant his setting sun: the revival of the acuteness of his apprehension was considered extraordinary; of this he gave many proofs in a variety of little matters; and his views of the deep things of God, while he drank into their spirit, marked at once the depth of his understanding, and of his piety.

It will be a pleasing and decisive confirmation of this observation, to insert here a letter which Mr. Brooke wrote after he had taken to

his bed, to his very affectionate and christian correspondent Mr. Brackenbury of Raithby-hall, to whose kindness and ready compliance with my request, the reader is indebted for the copy which I transcribe:

“ Dublin, 15th April, 1806.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,

“ Your unexpected letter was a pleasing surprise, inasmuch as your long silence gave me reason to conclude, that I had been too forward in yielding to my friend Averill's solicitation in addressing you.

“ The blessing I was indulged with in the correspondence, conversation, public ministry, and private friendship of that holy man of God Mr. Fletcher, is indeed a memorable epocha of my life. Oh! that it had fully answered all the gracious designs of God towards me, by so bright an example in private life, and such powerful and precious instructions in his public ministry. But I have been but a dull scholar, a weak disciple, and an unprofitable servant; and reaped a very scanty harvest, during so prolific a season.

“ I have not had much light into the x. and xi. of Daniel; the comparison of the ii. and

vii. has engrossed my attention, since they correspond like the two sides of a tally; only the concluding events are more particularly enlarged upon, and enforced in the vii. "Thou art this Head of Gold" gives the key to the figure, and marks the time of its commencement.

The two chapters are a prophetic epitome of what was to succeed in the revolutions of monarchies, till the *period* of the present state of things in this world. Can any thing be more beautifully or exquisitely shadowed out, than the degradation of Nebuchadnezzar, by the plucking the wings of the Babylonian Lion?

"Or his restoration, by his being lifted up from earth, made to stand upon his feet like a man, having his bestial heart taken from him, and a human heart (perhaps renewed, converted, and so far divine) given to him?

"The second or Persian kingdom, silver in the Image; of a lazy, bearlike savage cruelty in the 7 ch. 5 v.?

"The third, Grecian or brazen monarchy in the Image, and as a leopard in the 7 ch. having wings and four heads, the four kingdoms into which Alexander's government was divided?

“The fourth, or iron monarchy, divided at length into ten toes, part iron and part clay; corresponding to the ten horns of the fourth beast the 7 ch. v 7.?”

“Two things call particularly for our attention in this part of each figure; one, that it is represented in each, as being the last state of things which shall immediately precede the Messiah’s kingdom,—as the stone cut out without hands, and striking the feet and toes of the image, and becoming a great mountain that filled the whole earth, plainly denotes: “for in the days of these Kings shall the God of Heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces, and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever.” The Roman kingdom represented by the fourth beast exceeding terrible, though it never lost its name, yet it became ecclesiastical, and thus different from all the beasts that went before it, was not a whit less savage with teeth, nails, claws, and feet, stamping, tearing, &c.

“The second thing that calls for attention particularly, Daniel himself seems peculiarly earnest about, and desirous to enquire of the Angel who explained them; perhaps they are

the present passing events: is there no resemblance?

“ I suppose that *Origen* and all the very early commentators on the Prophets and Revelations, have done like *Madam Guion*, *Mr. Marsay*, and some other modern writers, allegorized the predictions into the successive internal states of the soul; otherwise they must also have been gifted with the spirit of Prophecy, and predicted, or conjectured things to come.

“ How could the most learned in European history have deciphered the little horn otherwise than has been done, in making it allude to the small beginnings and mighty extension of the Papal Power? But perhaps had those wise men lived in these days, they might have thought otherwise, and spoken of a little horn sprouting up suddenly among the ten crowned horns, and diverse from the rest, before whom two or three at least are subdued.

“ But I must have done. Adieu my dear soul! I am too near eternity to write you many more letters; yet I shall be glad to hear from you before I go hence, and am no more seen. Thank God, I feel now and then an exulting triumph, amidst the bruising and breaking of the earthen vessel. But my hope is always full

of immortality. Love to your partner and all the brethren.

“H. B.”

As this letter was the last of any import that Mr. Brooke ever wrote, it will be read with peculiar interest by his friends, as well as on account of the very important subject of Prophecy it discusses. Mr. Brackenbury's valuable answer, will be found in the Appendix.

When his disease was pronounced incurable, he received the intelligence with meek and cheerful submission; but when told that a very few days must terminate his earthly existence, his joy was indeed most sensibly apparent, and he blessed God with tears of humble joy and fervent gratitude.

The sensations of rejoicing which he now generally felt, perhaps cannot be better expressed than by those hymns which he had almost ever in his mouth, because they were so suited to the state of his heart; such as the following:—

Oh! joyful sound of Gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear;
I even I shall see his face,
I shall be holy here,

The glorious crown of righteousness
 To me reached out, I view ;
 Conqueror thro' Him I soon shall seize,
 And wear it as my due.

The promised land from Pisgah's top,
 I now exult to see ;
 My hope is full, Oh glorious hope !
 Of immortality.
 • He visits now this house of clay,
 He shakes his future home :
 Oh ! would'st thou Lord, on this glad day
 Into thy temple come.

Another hymn often repeated by Mr. Brooke
 as descriptive of the exultations of his mind,
 and so animating to all who are yet bearing the
 cross after Jesus, needs no apology for being
 here introduced ;

Oh ! what hath Jesus bought for me,
 Before my ravished eyes ;
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of Paradise.
 They flourish in perpetual bloom,
 Fruit every month they give ;
 And to the healing leaves who come
 Eternally shall live.

I see a world of Spirits bright,
 Who reap the pleasures there ;
 They all are robed in purest white,
 And conquering palms they bear.
 Adorned by their Redeemer's grace,
 They close pursue the Lamb ;
 And every shining front displays
 The unutterable NAME.

Oh! what are all my sufferings here,
 If Lord THOU count me meet,
 With that enraptured host t'appear
 And worship at thy feet.
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life, or friends away ;
 I come to find them all again
 In that eternal day.

The last day of his life, he often asked,
 What o'clock? From several expressions he
 made use of, he seemed to have a presentiment
 that his sorrows would end at five that even-
 ing. In the course of the morning, he had
 almost all the penitential, and many of the de-
 votional parts of the psalms read to him, join-
 ing cordially in the petitions, though scarcely
 able to articulate. Within an hour of his
 death, he joined in prayer with his beloved son-
 in-law.

About half an hour before he died, he had

the window opened to get breath ; but feeling the air was rather cold, desired the nurse-tender not to sit in the draft ; adding, " you may not be so well attended if sick, as I am."

This little circumstance though trivial is mentioned, because it was so like the whole tenor of his life, to feel for others as for himself.

He continued in very painful, though patient expectation of his change till near the hour he looked forward to, and a little before five o'clock in the afternoon, his happy spirit was released from the burden of the flesh, and went to that God and Saviour whom he loved, on the 6th of October, 1806.

The attentive reader has no doubt ere this, formed a just conception of Mr. Brooke's character ; yet it will be no unpleasing task here to take a summary review of it.

His person was rather of the low middle size and of a slender make ; but his countenance was remarkably expressive, his eyes beaming fire, yet indicating the benevolence of his heart. With the advantage of a superior understanding he had a well-cultivated mind, and his attainments in divine knowledge were deep and solid. Mr. Brooke was a giant in the spiritual

combat, whose strength was daily renewed by his continual waiting upon God. What is found written in the life of the Marquis De Renty was no less true of Mr. Brooke; it is thus recorded in the Marquis's own words.

“ I carry about with me ordinarily an experimental verity, and a plenitude of the presence of the Holy Trinity.” All things vanish out of my fancy, as soon as they appear; nothing is permanent in me but God, through a naked faith, which causing me to resign myself up to my Saviour, affordeth me strength and confidence in God the Trinity; in that, the operation of the three Divine persons is manifested to me in a distinct manner; viz. “ The love of the Father, which reconcileth us by his Son; the Father and the Son who give us life through the Holy Spirit; the Holy Spirit which causeth us to live in communion with Jesus Christ; which worketh in us a marvellous alliance with the sacred Trinity, and produceth often in our hearts by faith such inward feelings, as cannot be expressed.”

The whole of Mr. Brooke's life and temper was in strict unison with this expression of a deep acquaintance with the life which is hid with Christ in God; nor did he ever betray in his behaviour or conversation, any thing

like a forgetfulness of the sacred presence of God.

In him were sweetly blended the rare combinations of natural vivacity without levity—sublime devotion without a tincture of austerity—a strong and aspiring mind with the most condescending manners and invincible meekness—large acquirements of knowledge without the parade of learning—and for reviling and contradiction, in the true Spirit of his Master he returned nothing but blessing. When severely tried he exercised an unshaken faith—under an apparently frowning aspect of Providence, he exemplified an entire resignation to the Divine will—and under extreme bodily suffering, he possessed his soul in patience.

In his demeanour he was easy and affable, accommodating himself to every sort of company; wherever he went he diffused a portion of his own felicity, and shewed how happily the most finished courtesy, may be conjoined with the most exalted piety.

In his conversation, while the grave and serious were charmed with his understanding, his sportive sallies of innocent mirth delighted the young and thoughtless; and to both were displayed in his uninterrupted cheerfulness, the excellency of true religion.

How have I seen him surrounded with a circle of young persons, delighted with his innocent conversation suited to their capacities, and feasted with the imagination that they were raised to *his* level, because he had lowered himself to *their's*, by the mild condescension with which he submitted to appear as one of themselves.—No cynical remarks on the levity of youth made them feel the disparity, or embittered his discourse: no applausive retrospect to past times marked a present discontent. In him even old age appeared delightful like an evening without a cloud; and it was impossible to observe him without wishing fervently—

“ May my last end be like his.”

Mr. Brooke was remarkably distinguished through life for his disinterestedness: his own interest, ease, or pleasure, never interfered with his wishes or endeavours to promote the comfort, or the profit of others—his humility made him willing to become the servant of all, and his generosity exceeded the bounds of worldly prudence—in visiting the abodes of poverty and infection, it might be said he was incautious; and he dwelt so continually under the influence of that love which thinketh no evil, that he was sometimes imposed on.

As a man he might have had his frailties, but as a christian he was without spot or wrinkle. Yet surely he wants not now the testimony of man; "his witness is in heaven, and his record is on high:" he lived and died loving and beloved by God and man; and with God is his eternal reward.*

* I have here applied to Mr. Brooke some expressions which occur in a well-known and masterly delineation of the character of Mr. John Wesley. (Life, vol. II. Dublin Edition, p. 486.) The truth of this vivid though brief sketch, as referred to its original subject is the less questionable, as it comes from one whose connexion with Mr. Wesley was solely that of personal regard, growing out of an acquaintance of more than twenty years.

The compiler of these pages cannot refuse himself the pleasure of mentioning, that the same disinterested love of goodness which thus manifested itself towards Mr. Wesley, produced at a subsequent period a no less sincere and lasting attachment to Mr. Brooke; an attachment (it is most gratifying to add) which even the death of Mr. Brooke could not dissolve, but which has been continued to his posterity with unabated cordiality to the present hour.

STAY, thou triumphant Spirit, stay,

And bless me e'er thou soarest away

Where pain can never come !

In vain my call, the soul is fled,

By Israel's flaming steeds conveyed

To his eternal home.

O let me on the image dwell,

The soul-transporting spectacle

On which even Angels gaze !

An hoary Saint mature for God,

And shaking off the earthy clod,

To see His open face.

The happiest hour is come at last,

When all his toils and conflicts past,

He shall to God ascend ;

Worn out and spent for Jesus' cause,

He now takes up his latest cross,

And bears it to the end.

Summoned before the throne t'appear,

He meets the welcome messenger,

Arrayed in mortal pain ;

His only fear, lest flesh and blood

Should sink beneath the sacred load,

Or weakly once complain.

But Christ the object of his love,
 Doth with peculiar smiles approve,
 And all his fears control :
 With glory gilds the final scene,
 And not a cloud can rise between
 To hide HIM from his soul.

As a ripe shock of corn brought home,
 Behold him in due season come
 To claim his full reward !
 Smiling and pleased in death he lies,
 With eagle's glance, looks thro' the skies,
 And sees his heavenly Lord.

The sight his ravished spirit fires,
 His panting, dying breast inspires,
 And fills his mouth with praise ;
 He owns the glorious earnest given,
 The hidden life breaks out, and heaven
 Resplendent in his face.

Filled up with love and life divine,
 The house of clay, the earthly shrine,
 Dissolves and sinks to dust.
 Without a groan the body dies,
 His spirit mounts above the skies,
 And mingles with the just.

With mixt concern his flight we view,
 With joy the ascending pomp pursue,

Yet for *our* loss distress :
 Our bosom friend from earth is flown,
 A father of our Israel gone,
 To his eternal rest.

Yet still to us he speaks tho' dead,
 He bids us in his footsteps tread,
 As in the Saviour's he.
 And O ! that we like him may prove
 Our faith unfeigned, and genuine love,
 And meek humility.

Who live his life—his death shall die :
 Come Lord ! our hearts to certify
 That we thy prize shall gain ;
 Soon as we lay the body down
 That we shall wear th' immortal crown,
 And in thy glory reign.

Made ready here by patient love
 For sweetest fellowship above
 With our translated friend :
 Give us thro' life his spirit to breathe,
 Indulge us then to die his death,
 And bless us with his end.

Oh ! that the promised time were come,
 Oh ! that we all were taken home,
 Our Master's joy to share !
 Draw, Lord, the living vocal stones,
 Jesus recall thy banished ones,
 To chaunt thy praises there.

Our number and our bliss complete,
And summon all the choir to meet.
Thy glorious throne around;
The whole musician-band bring in,
And give the signal to begin,
And let the trumpet sound.

10
The first of these is the fact that the
British people have a deep sense of
history and tradition. This is reflected
in the many ancient buildings and
monuments which are still to be seen
in every part of the country. The
second is the fact that the British
people are very fond of their
country and are very proud of it.

A P P E N D I X.

APPENDIX.

The following Extracts of Letters from Mr. Brooke and some of his Correspondents, together with a few fragments of his own writing found among his Papers, will be a suitable accompaniment, and it is hoped will be both a pleasing and profitable Appendix to the foregoing Memoir:—

From HENRY BROOKE to his FATHER.

22d June, 1762.

EVER DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,

Faith is I believe a virtue the least understood and practised of any, yet none more enforced by our blessed Lord, and none can afford us so certain happiness in this life.—How often does our Saviour inculcate the necessity and blessedness of our becoming as, *one of these little ones*; and the beloved Apostle

delights in calling the primitive Saints, *little children*.

How very often in his epistles, does he repeat this darling epithet? People in general imagine, that this is an exhortation to follow the innocence of babes. But my dear father knows, that the loveliness of children does not merely consist in such negative virtue. No; I take it that we are commanded to center our whole love, delight and affections (as a child on its parents) on the great author of our Being; to rely like them on him alone, for all our joy, happiness, comfort and assistance; and as the conscious infant in its parents' sight sports and plays secure of harm, and thinks not of the moments that are to follow, or the dangers that surround; so are we, who are ever in our careful, tender, and indulgent parents' eye, to run through our course with joy, not taking thought for the days to come, or alarming ourselves with the dangers that surround.

But as the Psalmist elegantly expresses it, "Mine eyes look unto thee, O Lord, as the eyes of a servant to the hand of his master, and the eyes of a maiden to the hand of her mistress."

You know, the servants of those days, were wholly dependent on the will and bounty of

their masters. This is the only faith, which can secure and keep us humble in prosperity, which can afford us joy and consolation in adversity: this is the faith which can remove all those mountains, that bar our passage to bliss, and arm us against the stroke of death; this is our shield in temptations, and our prop from despondence—'tis our guide through the labyrinth of speculation, the clouds of ignorance, and the midnight of error.

How precious in the eye of faith, must be the dispensations of Providence? Resignation is cast aside, as a mere tame insufficient endurance; for faith embraces afflictions with open arms, and rejoices at the trial of adversity, out of which it arises.

From the Same, to the Same.

18th July, 1762.

How much are we in our great wisdom surprized at the folly of the Jews, who expected a temporal prince and a worldly deliverer and saviour: we seem greatly astonished at their obstinate blindness in not perceiving the revelations of the Prophets, and the signs of the times. But O my dear Sir, let us turn these

thoughts to ourselves, and we will find that we are as much mistaken in our Saviour as they were, so long as we conform ourselves in any wise to the ways and wisdom of this world, for he that is born of God overcometh the world. “Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?”—“And whosoever he be of you, that forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple.”

Let us not be surprised, when we consider seriously of this—for it is certain that “He that is in Christ is a new creature;” to be sure it must seem a great deal, for them who have always lived in the spirit and temper of the world, to be obliged to give it all entirely up—to be absolutely dead (in respect of undue attachment) to all that is around us, as he that has lost his eyes is dead to the gaiety of colours, and glitter of diamonds. But is this too much for him, who even now in this present life, will reward those tenfold, who have forsaken father and mother, friends or fortune for his sake, and in the world to come will give them life everlasting?

And how very rapidly are we running on to that world, how quickly is that day approaching, when as Mr. Law justly observes, “The *things* and *sounds* of this world will be exactly alike; to have *had* an estate, or only to have

heard of it: to have *lived* at Lambeth twenty years, or only to have twenty times *passed by* the palace, will be the same good, or the same nothing to us. Let this be our cordial, our only comfort, that as sure as ever we suffer with him, we shall reign with him. Let us but be convinced of this, and we will rejoice to suffer with him, and for him.

From the Same, to the Same.

22d December, 1770.

Blessed be God we received the comfortable news of all your healths, and of your enjoyment of that happiness, which this world can neither give, nor take away.

Your dear letter, Sir, was a cordial to all our hearts, and above all we rejoiced in that unction of grace, which indeed was evident throughout, and could cry out with the Psalmist, "Behold how good and pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Truly while we love *in God* and for God, the sweet ties of nature are transformed into divine, and all the amiable offices of tenderness

and affection, become at once high acts of heaven-born benevolence and love.

How do we rise superior to every calamity and misfortune of life, while we with an assured faith and unshaken confidence, not only know but feel, that these light afflictions which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

These, not considerations merely, but experienced truths, support my dear Nancy under her present trial, with a degree of fortitude, unexpected indeed—the wound is deep at heart, and all the sensations of nature keen to the quick; yet I trust the balm of true grace, with the lenient hand of time, will soon heal the breach.

For my own part, were I to say what I feel on the occasion, I think it would seem either like bravo, or the want of natural affection—yet while the babe had life, I felt indeed—but enough! thank God I recruit daily, and walked all day to-day throughout my business on the other side of the water, with much less fatigue, than last day in a chair. My dear Nancy was yesterday to see Mrs. D'Olier in a chair, and spent a happy hour with her.

From H. B. to his Brother Captain ROBERT BROOKE.

4th Feb. 1774.

Your Harry feels his soul so full, that he knows not how or where to begin—nor what to say. 'Tis not the bounties of your benevolent heart, that affects me so—no, my dear Robert! I feel in a measure with you, that the world itself wants wealth, to gratify the desires of the liberal soul. But 'tis God alone can give the means. Happy, happy then indeed is that heart, to whom Providence not only affords the means, but to whom God gives the will—for surely, “'tis more blessed to give than to receive.”

Our dear father and mother enjoy a very good state of health. You have indeed, blessed be God, smoothed the down hill of life for them, free from labour and care, save for your precious life. They live in the midst of their children, comfortable and happy.

Oh my precious brother, how transient and fleeting are all things here below. What days and years have rolled over us, since we last wept together, when we parted at the ship's side,—where are they now? How my heart

sinks within me, at these reverted views, yet how it bounds over the unknown to come. To embrace you yet again, oh my brother, my heart's darling friend. How good has our God been to us; O! that we had hearts truly grateful, and deeply sensible of our inestimable blessings. He has called us by his grace—we have tasted of his love—oh yes! I know you have my brother—and why not now? Is God less loving—is he less powerful—is his arm shortened, that he cannot save?—No, no. He is as willing as ever; give up to his call; yield to his divine drawings—and may his loving kindness and mercy be poured out abundantly upon you—till your cup overflows with the tide of his blessings. May he give you a heart wholly renewed in Him, and grant us once again to meet here, before we are called to appear before Him. Amen.

From H. B. to his FATHER and MOTHER.

1st August, 1776.

Thank God I found all here safe and well on my return, as I trust you are after your journey. I need not tell you what a great chasm was felt in every place on my return: you feel it yourselves, and your solitude gives a

wider scope for its indulgence. But why do I talk of indulgence—those whose hearts are fixed on the true and only center of happiness, must feel to the quick, the sensations of nature, but dare not indulge them. These delightful sorrows are to be borne with on their rising; but no fostering indulgence—they are poison, and must be banished.

Sweet resignation! how it calms the soul, tranquillizes the spirit, softens the heart, and melts every power into that holy acquiescence to the divine will, that makes the glory of Saints, and the happiness of Heaven.

May the consolations of the Spirit of Grace, richly overflow your hearts, and the sweet love of a crucified Saviour, reconcile you to all the crosses of his paternal tenderness—and may the father and fountain of bliss and being, bless you with all spiritual and temporal blessings in Christ Jesus.

From ROBERT BROOKE *to his Son* HENRY
BROOKE.

10th May.

Your last letter gives me great comfort, for though you tell me, that our dear Nancy and little ones are sometimes ailing, yet in the general you say, you are all purely.

All our sublunary roses have their thorns; but still the roses are sweet; and if so in general, how much more must they be so, to such as enjoy them, not as their own, but as their beloved Master's gifts. You tell me also that you have your daily crosses: but glory be to God, you have your internal resources in HIM and from HIM. I share my Harry's crosses, but blessed be God, I share his comforts too.

O may our blessed Master give us day by day our daily bread, even himself, his blessed communicable nature; that we may be hourly growing in a perfect conformity and similitude to him in our nature, tempers, pursuits, wishes, hopes, enjoyments, &c.; till our old man who is crucified, may be also dead with him, and we may in our new man enjoy our first resurrection here, preparative to our glorious resurrection in eternity.

From the Same, to the Same.

13th June, 1784.

I bless God for the comfortable account received from my precious child this morning. Your dear mother is better also, of an attack which she had lately, and found our little darling, whom she visited yesterday evening, finely.

I am often truly comforted, by Mr. Fletcher's letters, which you have been already so kind to transcribe, and send me. I have read some of them, several times, especially that to Mr. and Mrs. D'Olier. Perhaps they may assist me, in obtaining those dove-like wings you mention. Yet my Harry, though it may be impossible to describe the eagerness with which I would fly from my fallen nature, yet I think I would not for the world escape from the crosses which necessarily attend it.

It is by their means, God mercifully and tenderly, lets me see that I am self-willed, and an idolater; and why? In order that I may pray intensely, that I may struggle and wrestle, without ceasing, till I obtain the blessing. May he give this blessing in all its fulness, to my precious children, till all the other blessings

be added to it, is the prayer of your tenderly affectionate father.

From the Same, to the Same.

19th October, 1784.

I received your dear and very comfortable letter of yesterday, and have been long persuaded from the taste of those sweet grapes which you there mention, that there is a most glorious state, at which we may arrive in this life; but I never had such an idea of the faith that led to it, nor the certainty of our obtaining it through faith, so strongly impressed on my mind, as since Mr. Fletcher's arrival amongst us, and your correspondence with me, upon that head. Yet my Harry, I believe with Mr. Fletcher, that the joyful effects of this internal kingdom, may be at times suspended, perhaps for our further refinement; and may it not be, for a higher exercise of faith, than can be exercised, whilst we feel the comforting influence of God's Holy Spirit.

Be this as God pleases: but sure I am that He has nowhere promised, that the suspension of this joy, shall not be the case of any of his most favoured servants at the hour of death;

and that he no where makes the joys of a last hour, a condition of salvation. The servant is not above his master. Poor Lazarus's humble and patient endurance of evil, is strongly expressed by the manner in which he petitioned for relief, "desiring to be fed with the crumbs, which fell from the rich man's table." But there is not the least intimation of expiring joys; and my Harry, I cannot help thinking, that if some of the society had been present upon that occasion, and perceived no tokens of that joy, in the humble sufferer, yet the angels would have carried him to bliss and consolation, contrary to their expectation.

From the Same, to the Same.

(No date.)

God be praised for the very comforting account of yourself, &c. &c. in your sweet letter received yesterday, and by our dear Tom's report to-day.

I was ruminating last night upon a passage in St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, 4 chap. 15 verse. "We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

I suspected the word, *touched*, was not equal to the original; and upon examination found it ought to have been translated thus: "We have not an High Priest, incapable of being a fellow-sufferer with us in all our infirmities." What a difference does this make! What a Saviour does the sacred text exhibit to the humble, grateful heart of the patient sufferer. But when you compare this text with the following: "If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him;" it will perhaps strike you, as it did me, with such feelings as I cannot express. His condescension, his love in sympathizing with us, and admitting us to sympathize with him.

Little did Simon the Cyrenian feel the honour done him, when compelled to bear a share of the blessed, the important cross; and little did he think, how he represented every son of Adam, who must be compelled to bear their share, and follow their Master, to and through that scene of suffering from which He will draw all men after him, to glory, to love, to never-ending bliss.

From H. B. to his FATHER.

26th June, 1784.

Since the receipt of your sweet kind letter of the 20th, and observations on Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher's letters, I turned to them and read them as you requested.

I believe all he means is, that I was just in my preference of the inward spiritual path, to the outward external works of apparent holiness: or, seeking rather communion with God, than activity with my fellow-creatures. A spirit of recollection and attention to the kingdom of God in the heart, more than that of hearing Sermons, singing Hymns, meeting Classes, and even visiting the sick and relieving the poor.

He owns my observation to be just; but at the same time recommends the union of the two—the holy waiting frame of Mary, and the active labours of the industrious Martha.

But, my dear Sir, who can arrive at this blessed state, this sacred union of these two pious sisters, but he who has been in the bridal chamber, and enjoyed the marriage of the Lamb. 'Tis from such precious souls alone,

that one can expect this gracious activity, that is preceded and accompanied by quiet recollection. Persons of an active constitution and sanguine complexion often overdo the matter, and are so busy heaping fuel on their little spark, that they often protract its kindling, and sometimes extinguish it wholly, under that smothering heap that they have raised—sad monument of their folly. Again, the indolent and sluggish, and sometimes the speculative genius, shelter their infidelity under the specious names of resignation and quietism; and whilst they neglect reading, prayer, preaching, and even the important duties of benevolence and charity; nay, sometimes overleap the plain boundaries of common honesty and the letter of the law—they can descant upon spirituality, and mistaking self-love for the love of God, flatter themselves that they indeed possess what they so justly admire; when they have not as yet got further than the approbation of spirituality: and mistaking the glimpse of the light, for the possession of the pearl, boldly and confidently assert, that they dwell in love, dwell in God, and enraptured with their own imaginary state, despise the poor trembling seeker, as well as the worldly wise man, although God himself says, “To this man will I look, even to him who is of an humble and contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.”

I bless God for my own part, I feel myself in some degree in love with the cross; though often through surprise and unwatchfulness, I find myself starting aside to avoid it, or shrinking under it, to lessen its weight: in general my mind enjoys that peace that passeth understanding; and is sometimes exceedingly bowed down, under an awful sense of the unspeakable grandeur and magnificence of the infinite I. Am.

The adorable wisdom of inexplicable Providence in choosing and appointing my state and condition, and guiding the kind hearts of my affectionate friends, to work out for me those peculiar trials and crosses which are the only remedy for my pride and self-will, is often a subject of my astonishment and adoration.

I feel exceedingly my want of faith—that faith in the precious humanity of Jesus Christ, to which all things are possible. Yet I still wait, and I trust without impatience hoping against hope, that I, even I, shall see the goodness of the Lord, in the land of the living.

From H. B. to F. K.

May, 1790.

I cannot express to you how much I feel in your absence, and almost continual separation. I am jealous over you; but I trust not with not the jealousy of self-love, but with a Godly jealousy, lest those precious and excellent beginnings, those gracious buddings of a true inward and divine life, should by any means be quenched and smothered. For I well know that it is not only the deceitfulness of riches, but the thorny cares for lawful things, that choke the seed, and prevent its bringing fruit to perfection.

Your situation, your trials, your numerous family, your fragile constitution, and various perplexities—all, all are the subject of my frequent meditation, and daily prayer before God. But my dear brother, these are not the random blows of a blind chance medley; but the sober and wise distribution of a gracious and all-wise Father, who portions out to his diseased children, their bitter, nauseous, and severe medicines, according to their various distempers; but all by weight and measure, exactly adjusted, and sufficiently potent, to subdue and eradicate all their distempers; and to

the very utmost, root out every plant that is not of his father's planting. A relaxation from reading the word of God, and a slackness in prayer, brought on, as it were insensibly, by an attention to urgent concerns, and the pressing demands of instant requiring—this, by slow and unperceived degrees, brings on dullness and deadness to all spiritual concerns; and at length a total apathy and disgust to all such matters. Haste and impatience to satisfy the demands of conscience, and quiet or silence the inward monitor, soon follows: then fretfulness, impatience, hasty passion, and inflamed wrath take possession of the whole man.

What is to be done?

Woe be to him who seeks to stupify the remorse for these tormentors in the cup of inebriation, or the jollity of dissipation.

But *God* has not so deserted you: you *must* return: every step you have wandered, you must measure back again. Humiliation, penitence, and prayer will not only restore to you all you have lost, but much more abundantly re-instate you in all the sweetnesses of divine filiation; and strengthen you with such might and power in the inward man, as shall fill you with all peace and joy in believing. Give my love to S——, tell her the wisdom of man is fool-

ishness before God ; and that he takes the wise in their own own craftiness. Simplicity, sincerity, and uprightness to God and man, are precious in his sight, and alone available. My love to your dear infants. Let them beware of aspiring to any thing but to be precious in the sight of God ; to be pure before his holy Angels, and fit companions for Cherubim and Seraphim. My love to dear Aggy and her little one: my dear mothers' Brooke and Kirchoffer, &c. &c.

From HENRY BROOKE *to* Miss CHARLOTTE BROOKE.

1792.

Your very kind and very fervent letter was truly acceptable to me, and welcome. But it would seem to require volumes instead of letters to solve all the doubts, and answer all the questions you so ingeniously propose ; and indeed I feel myself so totally inadequate to the task, that I most earnestly request you to weigh every thing well in the balance of the sanctuary, and try it by the law and testimony, lest any false or base metal might possibly pass, because bearing upon the gilded surface, an

image and superscription, so nearly resembling the true.

Though I should think you better than you are—fear not that I shall recommend you to rest satisfied where you are: to contemplate your own attainments, and triumph in your victories. No; remember St. Paul who rejects the comparing ourselves with ourselves, and crys out, “This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before; I press towards the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”

Let us be like-minded.

When or how the true light began to irradiate our dark, blind, and benighted hearts it matters not—whereas once we were blind, now we see: it is impossible for mortals to discriminate the first dawn of mortal light. But day and night bear witness to themselves with indubitable evidence. Temporals we pass by; it is eternity only, that now must stamp value upon our prayers or pursuits. “That your views and pursuits, hopes, fears, desires, and prayers are all converted to God.” “Yet your spirit and temper are not,” you assert. My dear girl, did you not *hope* wordly honour, or *fear* wordly shame—how could your temper be ruf-

fled, or your spirit rise at supposed indignity or real insult? No, no, our dear Lord proves—"how can ye believe who receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only." But our secret pride decks itself in the garb of humility, and passes the standard of self-approbation, till some providential incident rubs off the gilding, and shews the base brass of our counterfeit virtue.

"Cleanse thou me from my secret faults," was the cry of that holy man of God, David.

You know I was not born (so to say) a Methodist; yet have I lived among them between twenty and thirty years, and opposed (with meekness) even Mr. Wesley when I thought him wrong. They continue to love and esteem me; and we agree to disagree on some points. Yet I do hold with them, that it is the indubitable privilege of all enlightened and well-informed believers, to feel the Spirit of God witnessing with their spirit, that they are born of God.

Read Mr. Law's demonstration of the Gross, &c. page 287, beginning "for the impressions from God," and ending p. 288, with the words, "the one opinion is the same denial of God as the other."

Can these divine impressions and communications be daily, hourly felt and enjoyed by the heart that is in enmity and alienation from God. No, surely; a sinner, an open and flagrant sinner, may have gracious calls and divine meltings—but to return home with the prodigal, to have received the father's embraces,—his falling on his neck,—his kisses,—to have received the garment of salvation,—the seal-ring of the covenant,—to have the marriage ceremony performed,—and all to be transacted without any knowledge of it:—or joy on earth, though there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, and yet to assert that there shall be none to be felt, known or remembered, in the poor sinner's heart, is a degree of obstinate blindness not to be paralleled. Believe it not—it is our privilege and right, to know the things that are freely given to us of God: and what so freely given, as this gift of reconciliation and adoption.

“Mr. Brooke had written so far to his ingenious and excellent cousin, when he received information, that she was alarmingly ill; a few days after brought an account of her death.”

From H. B. to Miss J. H.

5th November, 1803.

I cannot but remember you day after day and all your dear family, with all our blessed fellow-travellers in the kingdom and patience of Jesus. Since I first conversed freely with you, I felt a drawing of that sweet invisible attraction, by which souls are drawn to their great magnet; I loved you as my child.

My dear soul, let our conversation be in heaven, and our submission to the daily, hourly events of his adorable Providence, unbounded and total. (Not my will but thine be done Holy Father.) This was the submissive mind that was in the meek and lowly Jesus. Are you cold? Are you comfortless? Are you lifeless? Are you dead?

Now, now is the time; believe he loves you; know he died for you, and he would do it again if that were not enough; but "it is FINISHED," the work is done, and he longs to bring you home to himself; till he has brought you home, and folded you in the embraces of his mercy and love, he cannot be at rest. Nay, all your brothers and sisters, bought with the same

blood—redeemed by the same God—all, long for your return.

“Angels beckon me away,

And Jesus bids me come.” Amen.—Adieu.

From H. B. to Miss J. H.

20th July, 1804.

I know not what to say to you, but to cultivate an inward intimacy, friendship, and fellowship with him who has promised to manifest himself, and his Father, to those that love him, and keep his commandments. My dear soul, there are lengths and depths in a life hid with Christ in God, which are truly unutterable.

Well may our Church call it a peace that passeth understanding: for who can know what passes human understanding? For what is hidden, who can reveal? But he that seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. The darkness is no darkness to him, the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to him: if the poor child be in darkness, is it less secure while it has a hold on its parent's hand, than when it saw his face? Be not terri-

fied by your adversary—keep close to the skirts of his raiment, which all smell of myrrh, aloes and cassia, out of the ivory palaces whereby they have made thee glad.

Let your conversation be such as becometh the gospel of Christ, and you will soon taste the anointing oil that will gladden your heart, and shed its perfume on all you converse with.

From H. B. to J. H.

25th October, 1805.

The pious breathings of your kind letter refreshed and cheered me.

I rejoice with you in the frequency of that feast which you enjoy weekly, and in that sweet spirit of unanimity and love that crown your assemblies. Oh! may it increase more and more, till we all come to see as we are seen, and know as we are known; till all the obscurities of the world vanish, the shadows flee away, and the glorious sun of righteousness and truth shines forth in its own lustre.

Yes, my friend, I was brought to the very brink of eternity. But it has pleased God to

prevent my landing in Paradise at present. But I trust in due time to be made meet for those mansions, which he is gone before to prepare for us. I am again pushed off the shore, and must for a while longer buffet the waves of this troublesome world, in my shattered bark, which is now grown very old and crazy. My sickness (thank God) was a season of great tranquillity and peace. I had nothing in this world to trouble me, and the prospects of the next was unclouded. Pain, though acute, was often alleviated by the dear remembrance of him who suffered for us, and uniting my small and transient pains to his, whose soul was sorrowful even unto death, and whose visage was marred more than any man, was at times a consolation that gave me mentally to enjoy what the body suffered.

Whilst you have access to the wonderful counsellor, and can pour your complaints into his ear, you need not be solicitous for any foreign advice; the daily and hourly events of his adorable Providence are surely of him who numbers the hairs of your head—follow his guidance, submit to his disposal, and all will be well.—Adieu.

From H. B. to Miss J. H.

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”—If we feel a secret inward attachment to this purity, and a blessed reliance on him who has given the promise, and Abraham-like, believe that he can give us this darling son, though we may be an hundred years old, and wholly dead in vigour both of soul and body—let us live by faith as he did, and we shall surely reap the reward of our confidence; whilst he that will not believe shall not be established. How then shall we prepare ourselves for this inestimable blessing?—This life hid with Christ in God; or rather this revelation of Christ in us the hope of glory? We must take courage and be faithful to our inward monitor and spare not ourselves; that is, not pardon ourselves in any thing, but be cruel and rigorous to the old man, or corrupt nature; not in corporal severity, which might injure our health and puff up a secret pride, of “come not near me for I am holier than thou,” but in the daily, the hourly occurrences, which the Providence of God affords us in our household intercourse. Our common affairs and situation in life of secretly humbling ourselves continually, as the last, and the least, and the lowest, of God’s creatures, meeting every opposition of temper with for-

bearance and meekness; every sting to our pride, every galling to our grandeur, every mortification of self, as so many blessed opportunities of dying to self, and living to God. Oh, how rich should we soon be, if we watched for, seized, and improved these blessed seasons of giving death to self. Great occasions come seldom, but little ones (if they are well attended to) almost every hour; and surely if we bleed at every vein, we cannot live long.

Continue, my dear soul, in faith and prayer, all the day long, and use your utmost endeavours to persevere therein, humbly and sweetly exposing (as an open book) your heart to him who is indeed the author and finisher of our faith. He is the principle of that divine light within you, that detects and discovers all these faults, and he shews them to you for no other reason, than that you may ask him to take them away; which he is both willing and ready to do, though not perhaps in your time.

We are too apt to be impatient at our own impatience, and fretted at our own fretfulness. We would be pure and holy, but the corruption lies deep, and the pressing out the matter pains us to the heart.

From H. BROOKE to his daughter

M. D.

11th October, 1803.

Having been providentially dismissed from employment at the pencil, at least in so assiduous a manner as in times past, I feel a strong attraction to devote some of the moments of leisure granted to me, to stir up your dear mind by way of remembrance.

I know you are called of God—I have seen with delight that you have heard, that you have felt it—I have remarked your struggles. The happiness you felt when you could yield to those divine attractions, and the sorrow, remorse, and discouragement that deprest you, on account of your infidelities—I would fain have lent you a helping hand, and at times found liberty to say a little; but now we are appointed in different and distant stations, I find no opportunity, and shall therefore at leisure translate, and transcribe a few select passages, that perhaps through the blessing of God may be useful, and assist you in your narrow path. You should be very punctual and exact in your morning devotions: this will nourish and strengthen your soul for the rest of the day, being the most suitable time for the grate-

ful effusions of the heart, after the night's protection and preservation, and for soliciting strength and grace to resist and vanquish the several trials of your daily situation, which at this time you can more readily foresee, and apprehend as with a glance. Do not perplex yourself because you have not done it, or cannot do it as you should or would. Be faithful only to do it as you can with solemnity and reverence, and a filial confidence in God. Then though you feel no present sweet influence, no cheering prospect, no token that you are heard—yet it is enough that you are punctual, and exact, and you will find it a true source to you of grace and strength. Then set about your domestic affairs with confidence of heart, that though you have not prayed as you ought, yet you were noticed by a Father, and will be answered by a Saviour. At mid-day again have recourse to God—he sees and knows the toils and troubles you are plunged in; not one of the distractions, the vexations, the perplexities, the embarrassments you are in, or the mortifications that you suffer, or the passions that harrass you, are unknown to, or unnoticed by him. What can you do—have you no time for a meal—snatch a morsel; a spoonful may keep you alive, though you have no leisure to drink the bowl.

Lift up your soul to a very present God.

“Lo I am with you alway even to the end of the world.”

Be quiet, be patient, be still—suffer not the perturbation of your mind, the promptitude of your passion, or the levity of your wit, to betray you into those excesses, which in cooler moments and upon calm reflection, you must disapprove and condemn. Do my dear girl, remember you are before a very present God—teach your children, speak to your servants, nurse your infant, as in the awful presence of God. He is behind the curtain, and notices you, though you neither see, nor are sensible of his being in you, and around you, spying out all your ways, and listening to all your words. 'Tis an awful thought, and if attended to and improved upon, will be to you as a fruitful source of unspeakable benefit in time, and infinite blessing in eternity.

Attend to the peace and tranquillity of your own spirit; whatever seizes your mind, engrosses your attention, flutters your heart, agitates your thoughts. Remember he says, “I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon me.” Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him. “Fret not thyself in any wise because of the men who bring wicked devices to pass.” Do you indeed feel pride, passion, fretfulness, haste, and impatience?

Are you blown off your guard, and sported about by a spirit of levity? And are you scattered abroad by the gusts of wit, and by the trifler of merriment? Be still a moment. Call home your dispersed imagination—wait—wait—are they not all gone—gone for ever—who put them to flight, to silence? Who banished these troublesome and impertinent invaders? One look to Jesus, to an indwelling very present God, and they are all gone. Then shall you be enabled to cry—return to thy rest, oh my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

Thus my dear girl, pride, passion, petulance, wit, &c. shall all be subdued and every fresh return, every renewed attack, shall only set a jewel in that crown of victory, which shall so justly be cast before the Lamb, when we ascribe the victory to him that sitteth on the throne for ever.

From the Same, to the Same.

January, 1806.

Although you know I love you (and yours) with all the tenderness of natural and parental affection, yet when I can discern any breath of

the divine life in you, breathing, or panting after God, and thoroughly contemning and despising all the follies and vanity of this present transient and passing world, I cannot tell you how my affections are heightened, how exquisite are the sensations. When I can embrace in a beloved daughter, a sister in Christ, trying to be conformable to his death, hating the garments spotted with the flesh, denying all conformity to the vanities and folly of this world, embracing with all ardour and affection, all the sweet precepts of his love, and counsels of his grace. Indeed my sweet girl, when I fold in my arms one of my own offspring, truly desirous of being so devoted to God, to Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, all the sweetnesses of nature become divine sensations, and the base copper of our mere animal affections, which we enjoy in common with the brute creation, becomes transmuted into the pure gold of divine Charity.—We love like Christians—we love like Angels. Amen.

H. B.

From the Rev. JOHN WESLEY to Mr. HENRY BROOKE.

London, 15th November, 1781.

In general there is no great danger of our thinking too meanly of ourselves. Yet it is certain, we may undervalue any of the talents which it has pleased God to intrust us with. And this is one of the few cases, wherein it is wise to depend on the judgment of a friend, rather than on our own.

I doubt whether you do not undervalue some of the talents which God has lent you; and whether HE will be pleased with your hiding them in the earth, instead of employing them to his glory.

It would be more pleasing to me, to bury myself in silence and solitude. But I should not then be able to give a good account, to him that is ready to judge the Quick and the Dead. Be a follower of me (in your little way) even as I am of Christ!

From the Same, to the Same.

“ The following letter from Mr. Wesley is here published, to shew the sweetness and humility of his spirit. Mr. Brooke had objected to some expressions of his, respecting the mystic writers, which he considered harsh and unfounded—how he humbles himself like a little child. Ye young men, take example from this ‘ Father in Christ’ when reproved.”

William-street, 21st April, 1783.

DEAR HARRY,

Your letter gave me pleasure, and pain too. It gave me pleasure, because it was written in a mild and loving spirit; and it gave me pain, because I found it had pained you, whom I so tenderly love and esteem. But I shall do it no more: I sincerely thank you for your kind reproof: it is a precious balm—and will, I trust, in the hands of the Great Physician, be a means of healing my sickness. I am so sensible of your real friendship herein, that I cannot write without tears. The words you mention were too strong; they will no more fall from my mouth. My dear Harry, cease not to pray for your obliged and affectionate brother,

J. W.

From Mrs. FLETCHER to Mrs. BROOKE.

November 19, 1783.

Dear Mrs. Brooke has within these few days much lain on my mind, in particular yesterday at ten o'clock as I was at prayer; I remembered your sore travel, the blessing you got at Gravel-walk, and an expression you once used to me in your garden—which was, “*O! I love the Cross.*” As these thoughts passed through my mind, I lifted up my heart with desire in your behalf, and felt a union very close and particular with your spirit. And if much land, and the great ocean were not between us, it would rejoice me now and then to take sweet counsel with you, and dear brother Brooke. Indeed, both my dear and I were peculiarly joined in spirit with you both, and we truly sympathize with you in your present affliction, from the heart. Mrs. Smyth informs us, Mr. Brooke hath got on his legs again: O! may every trial unite you more closely to your living, glorified, but once crucified Head.

To me you appear one, whom the Lord hath chosen in the furnace—one of his favoured ones, who hath the honour to bear that mark of his sheep; O, may all his will be accomplished on us both, and all the work of faith

with power. I am bound to thank you my dear, for the present you made me of Lady Guion's Life; I am reading it through to my husband, and I think never did I find more unction in it. O may her sweet spirit of humble love be ours. 'Tis a life I dearly love, and the better, because the gift of my dear sister to her unworthy friend,

MARY FLETCHER.

John Fletcher sends his kindest thanks and most cordial love to dear brother Brooke, for all the love he has shewn him, and his partner. We have sorrowed together: O let us hope, yea rejoice in hope together—in hope of the glory of God, reserved both for our souls and bodies, for ourselves and the Church. The salvation by Faith is what Christ has done, and by Hope in what he has promised to do, certainly belongs to us, till we are saved by the love of God shed abroad by the Holy Ghost, into all the life of God. Help me dear brother, to look up with a steadfast eye to the center of our life, to the fountain of our power.

As my wife was reading to me the account Mrs. Guion gives of her communion with absent friends, I experienced it for, and with you. Let us be more united to the head, and

we shall be so with the members. The Lord reward your patient love towards us, repay your gifts to us, and give you a double portion in the truth and love which breathe in St. Paul's Epistles, for the kind letter you have indited.

My love to your other self.

John Fletcher and Mary, desire their peculiar thanks and love to brother Jackson, and to brother Rutherford, and his partner.

From the Rev. Mr. FLETCHER to ———.

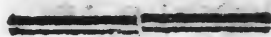
Christ Jesus is alone the desirable, the everlasting distinction and honour of men; all other advantages, though now so proudly extolled, so vehemently coveted, are like the down on the thistle, blown away in a moment, and never secure to the possessor; riches are incapable of satisfying; friends are changeable; the dear relations that are the delight of our hearts, are taken away by a stroke; pain and sickness follow care and health in quick succession; but amidst all the possible changes of life, Christ is a rock; to see him by Faith, to lay hold on him, to rely on him, to live upon him; this, *this* is the refuge from the storm, the shadow from the heat. May it be given to you abundantly;

and in order to obtain it, nothing more or less is required on your part, than a full and frequent confession of your own abominable nature and heart, with an unreserved surrender of it; then kneeling as a beggar at the door of mercy, declaring you came there only expecting notice and relief, because God our Saviour came to redeem sinful men, and for the glory of his grace, to convert them into saints and servants of the living God; yea, into *children* of God, and heirs of glory. I think you take a sure method to perplex yourself, if you want to see your own faith, or look one moment at yourself, for proof of faith: others must see it in your works; but you must feel it in your heart. The glory of Jesus is now by Faith realized to the mind, in some such manner as an infinitely grand and beauteous object which appears in the firmament of Heaven; it arrests and fixes the attention of the spectators on itself; it then captivates, and by the pleasure it imparts, they are led on to view it; so when Jesus is our peace, strength, righteousness, food, salvation, and our all, we are penetrated with a consciousness of it; and we should never rest short of this feeling; and our chief conflict and most constant labour must be against our own heart, the things of the world, and the suggestions of the great enemy, which are all intent to divert us from this one object, even Jesus, at whose feet Mary placed herself;

or to make us doubt, whether in that life and death of Immanuel, there was such unsearchable riches and efficacy, to save with an absolute, irrevocable salvation, all his people; or whether we are in the number: for my own part, I am often tempted to suspect, whether I am not speaking great swelling words of Christ, and yet am myself no more than sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal; but I find the only successful way of answering this doubt, is immediately to address Jesus Christ, in a prayer to this effect—Whosoever cometh unto thee, thou wilt in no wise cast out; Lord have not I come unto thee? Am not I depending on thee for life, as a brand plucked out of the fire? See if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting. My eyes look to the blessed Jesus, my heart longs to be more in his service: my love, O, that it were greater towards him. I mourn deeply for my corruptions, they are many and great.—When I look at him, and contemplate his finished salvation, I admire, I adore, I in some measure love; when I look at myself, O my heart rises at the sight—black and selfish, proud, and carnal, and covetous, and most abominably unclean; I want all things that are good; but, O! I have a blessed, blessed Lord Christ, in whom all fullness dwells for me, and for my dear friend to whom I am writing. A fulness of pardon, wisdom, holi-

liness, strength, peace, salvation, righteousness; a fulness of love, mercy, goodness, truth; all this and ten thousand times more without conditions, without qualifications, without workings, without servings, only for receiving. O blessed free grace of God! O blessed be his name for Jesus Christ! what a gift! and for whom? My dear friend for you if you are without strength, if you are in your nature an enemy; all this is for you. Load not God's free gospel with conditions, say not *I* must be so, and so, or I must do *this* or *that*, or all this can't be mine: O my beloved friend! cast not such muddy water upon the pure flame of divine love. What says the everlasting God? *Believe* he gave his Son for sinners, *then sinners believe*; He came to seek the lost, *then lost soul believe*; He came to cleanse the filthy, *then filthy soul believe*; and why should we not? Can God lie? Impossible. Can we have a better foundation to build upon than the promise and oath of God? My very dear friend, I know you will not be angry at my preaching, I aim it all at my own heart, I stand more in need of it than you, and I always feel my heart refreshed, when I am talking or thinking of my dear Jesus; 'tis a feast indeed to my sinful soul, when I am meditating upon the glories that compose his *blessed name*; but O how dark and ignorant! how little, exceedingly little, do I know of him. O thou

light of the world enlighten my soul, teach me to know more of thy infinite *unsearchable* riches. Thou dear God—Man ! that I may love thee with an increasing love, and serve thee with an increasing zeal, till thou bring me to glory.



From the Rev. JOHN FLETCHER to HENRY BROOKE.

April 27, 1784.

Mercy, peace, and perfect love attend you, your dear partner, and the dear friends under your roof; with whom I beg you may abide under the Cross, till with John, Mary, and Salome, &c. you all can say, We are crucified with him, and the life we now live, we live by the Faith of the Son of God, who loved us and gave himself for us.

You are certainly right, when you prefer the inward to the outward: the former is the safer, but both together make up the beauty of Holiness. The inward life may be compared to the husband, the outward to the fruitful wife. What God hath joined together, let no man, nor even angel, put asunder.

With respect to the glory of the Lord, it is at hand, whatever false wisdom and unbelief may whisper to our hearts: it can be no farther off than the presence of him who fills all in all.

Our wrong notions of things are a main hindrance to our stepping into it: and perhaps our minding more the Cherubims of Glory, than the plain tables, and the manna hid in the ark. "There is a passing," says Bromley, "from the *outward* to the *inward* and from the *inward* to the *inmost*; and it is only from the *inmost* that we can see the Lord's spiritual glory." Pray, my dear brother, when you get so fixed in the *inmost*, as not to lose sight of him who dwells in the light, and in the thick darkness; let me share your joy, love will make me partake of your happiness.

With respect to what you say of the kingdom not coming with the outward pomp, which is discoverable by the men of the world, it is strictly true; but, that there is an *inward* display of power and glory under Pentecostal Christianity, is undeniable; both from our Lord's promises to his disciples, and from their experience, after the kingdom was come to them with power. It is sometimes suggested to me, that as the apostacy hath chiefly con-

sisted in going after the pomp of the whore of Babylon, so that while the woman, who fled into the wilderness remains there as a widow, she must be deprived even of those true ornaments, and of that spiritual glory which was bestowed upon her on the day of Pentecost, the day of her espousals. I do not however close in with the suggestion, as I am not sure, that it cannot come from Satan transformed into an angel of light, to rob me of a bright jewel of my Christian hope. I wait in deep resignation, and with a constant attention to what the Lord will please to do, or say concerning us, and his Church; and to leave to him the times and the seasons, is what I am chiefly called to do; taking care in the mean time, of falling into either ditch: I mean into *speculation*, which is careless of action, or into the *activity*, which is devoid of spirituality. I would not have a lamp without oil, and I could not have oil without a lamp, and a vessel to hold it in for myself, and to communicate it to others.

I thank you, my dear friend, for the books you have sent me; I read with great pleasure Ramsay's Theological Works, which were quite unknown to me. My good wishes attend both your brothers. Fare you all well in Christ, so prays

J. F.

From the Same, to the Same.

Madely, 28th Feb. 1785.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

We are all shadows, your mortal parent hath passed away, and we do pass away after him: blessed be the author of every good gift for the shadow of his eternal paternity displayed in our deceased parents. What was good, loving and lovely in them, is hid with Christ in God, where we may still enjoy it implicitly, and where we shall explicitly enjoy it when he shall appear: a lesson I learn daily, is to see and enjoy things and persons in *their invisible root* and in their *eternal principle*, where they are not subject to change, decay and death; but where they blossom and shine in the *primæval* excellence allotted them by their gracious Creator: by this means, I learn to walk by faith and not by sight; but, like a child, instead of walking straight and firmly in this good spiritual way, I am still apt to cling here or there, which makes me cry, Lord let me see all things clearly, that I may never mistake a shadow for the substance, nor put any creature (no not for a moment) in the place of the Creator, who deserves to be loved and admired, and sought after with *all* the powers of our

soul. Tracing his image in all the footsteps of nature, or looking for the divine signature in every creature, as we would look for a king's image on an old rusty medal, is true philosophy; and to find out that which is of God in ourselves is true *Theosophy*; genuine *Godliness*: I hope you will never be afraid or ashamed of it. I see no danger in these studies and meditations, provided we still keep the end in view. The *all of God*, and the *shadowing nothing* of all that is visible.

With respect to the great Pentecostal display of the Spirit's glory, I still look for it within and without; and to look for it aright is the lesson I learn. I am now led to be afraid of that in my nature, which would be for pomp, show, and visible glory. I am afraid of falling by such an expectation, into what I call a *spiritual Judaizing*; into a looking for Christ's coming in my own pompous conceit, which might make me reject him; if his wisdom, to crucify mine, chose to come in a meaner way; and if instead of coming in his Father's glory, he chose to come meek, riding, not on the cherubim, but as it were on the foal of an ass. Our Saviour said with respect to his going to the feast, *my time is not yet come*; whether his time, to come and turn the thieves and buyers out of the outward church, is yet come, I know not; I doubt Jerusalem and the holy place is

yet given to be trodden under foot by the Gentiles: but *my* Jerusalem! why is it not swallowed up of the glory of that which comes down from Heaven, is a question which I wait to solve by the teaching of the great Prophet, who is alone possessed of Urim and Thummim: the mighty power to wrestle with him is all divine: and I often pray—

“ That mighty faith on me bestow,

Which cannot ask in vain;

Which holds and will not let thee go,

'Till I my suit obtain;

'Till thou into my soul inspire,

That perfect love unknown,

And tell my infinite desire,

Whate'er thou wilt be done.”

In short, the Lord crucifies my *wisdom* and my *will* every way; but I must be crucified as the *thieves*. *All my bones must be broken*, for there is still in me that impatience of wisdom, which would stir, when the tempter says, *Come down from the Cross*. It is not for us to know the times and seasons, the manner and mystical means of God's working, but only to hunger and thirst, and lie passive before the great Potter. In short, I begin to be content to be a vessel of *clay* or of *wood*, so I be emptied of self, and filled with my God and my all. Don't give up your confident hope; it saves

still secretly, and it hath a *present*, and by and by, it will have a *great* recompense of reward. I am glad, exceedingly glad, that your dear partner goes on simply and believingly. Such a companion is a great blessing, if you know how to make use of it. For when two of you shall agree touching one thing in prayer, it shall be done. My wife and I endeavour to fathom the meaning of that deep promise; join your line to ours, and let us search what, after all, exceeds knowledge, viz. The wisdom and the power, the love and the faithfulness of God. My wife and I we embrace you both, and pray you would help one another and us by your prayers. *Adieu.*

Be God's, as the French say, and see *God yours* in Christ, so prays for you, for brother Dugdale, Sharman, Pickering, Mrs. Blackford, &c.

Your obliged friends,

JOHN & MARY FLETCHER.

Our love to all friends, especially your brother, &c.

From R. C. B. to HENRY BROOKE.

2d June, 1806.

We were from home, when your last kind letter arrived. It found us however, as I hope we shall be found, when the Master cometh, viz. employed in his work, and labouring for a crown of immortal life. Yet far be the thought of expecting reward, except of infinite grace, for any poor services of mine, to which reward they bear no proportion, and consequently can lay no claim.

My sincere thanks for your last valuable communications. You suppose that "your race is almost run;" and mine cannot be long protracted. The shadows already lengthen apace, and every ache and pain points to the tomb. O for habitual and actual readiness, that we may stand as it were

"With life's last big important act,
"Just finished in our hand."

And that leaving this world of shadows, we may inherit substance, and meet above to tell with angelic myriads, and the innumerable company of saints redeemed by the blood of the

Lamb, the never ending story of his mighty achievements, and most precious love.

I wrote the above more than six weeks ago, but being interrupted by a succession of company at our own house, I forbore to proceed, that I might have the opportunity of transmitting my letter, by my very dear brother Averell. He had some expectation of conducting us back with him to Ireland, but Providence seems to interdict it, and we must be content to pass unknown to each other, except in spirit, through this wilderness; joined however as one, in our true centre, and waiting for our happy manumission from these bodies of corruption.

Having dwelt so long on the signs of the times, and probable issue of the passings events of Providence in a former letter, I shall not resume the subject, farther than to thank you for your observations on the Prophecies of Daniel, chap. ii. & vii. which are solid and judicious. The Lord Jesus must increase in the kingdom of his grace, whatever appearances there are to the contrary; and the present awful period terminates in the destruction of the anti-christian power of France, and also of the Papal and Mahometan superstitions. But mercies intermingled with judgments, will prepare the way, and the last offers of pardon, peace,

and salvation be made to a fallen christendom, before the execution of its determined condemnation.

I think our danger, as a religious body, arises chiefly from our judging ourselves rich, and increased with goods, and to have need of nothing. Professors being taught to speak of their spiritual attainments, rather than of their poverty: and to extol themselves, though they do not know it, rather than the SAVIOUR. Thus the Laodicean period has gained the ascendancy, and the form of religion overgrows the power:—and although there are several *Almah*, hidden ones, blessed be God, both among ourselves and other denominations of Christians, yet Zion is desolate, and the Lord is pressed with the sins of his people, “As a cart is pressed with sheaves.” Amos ii. 13.

I have the pleasure to inform you, that several *C*—— in this country are lately become ministers of righteousness. On our late visit to a market town above forty miles from hence, I had the satisfaction of being *visited* myself by two, who are speckled birds; and heard of two others of the same description, in that neighbourhood. Yesterday a very serious minister called at our house—these things to me are quite extraordinary, since even the more pious ministers generally shun me, on account

of my Arminianism, and attachment to the Methodists.—But I most readily give the right hand of fellowship to all good men, whether ministers or laymen, to whom I have access; and seek nothing more ardently, next to my own salvation, than to break down the partition walls of episcopal and sectarian bigotry, and to cultivate the spirit of true catholicism.

From your growing infirmities, I will not urge you to resume your epistolary pen, especially to one who is not in the least deserving of that favour; but if health and spirits hold out, I shall always esteem a few lines from you a singular pleasure. In the mean time, let us meet before the throne, and endeavour to draw each other (in the language of dear Mr. Fletcher) into God.—Farewell in the Lord.

July 20th.

MEDITATION ON JOHN xiv. Ch. 21. V.

“ He that loveth me, shall be loved of my Father; and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.”

(Written by Mr. Brooke, Anno 1764.)

HOLY, Holy word of Truth! Oh, by that spark which is lit in my soul, and which daily hungereth to be kindled, even by thyself, do I beseech thee to prepare my soul for the performance of this thy divine promise, for my soul resteth confidently upon it, and putteth her whole hope therein; and therewith she cometh before thee, humbly reminding thee of that further supply of comfort thou hast proposed, saying, “ What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.”

O Lord, I believe; I am firmly persuaded that thou art ever ready to perform this thy promise, waiting, daily waiting, knocking,

calling importunately for admission, that thou mayest come, and bestow thy blessing upon me. But I, alas! am too hardened; I am deaf to thy calls, blind to thy loveliness, insensible to thy amiableness, and abundant riches.

Oh holy Saviour! Thou who camest into the world, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance,—oh call me—call me powerfully—call me irresistibly. For thou beholdest and knowest my reluctance, and willest that all men, even the vilest, should be saved. I know thou seekest my salvation—oh let me never be able to obstruct thee. I know thou lovest and pitiest me. Oh let not thy love and pity be of none effect. I know thou willest to bestow thy choicest gifts upon me, even thyself: Oh make me ready and able to accept them. Oh let not thy intention be frustrated. My heart and soul is sorrowful, depressed, and trembling before thee, yet not truly humbled; I am dejected, but not meekened—cast down, yet not lowly. Oh thou meek, humble, and lowly Lamb of God, give I beseech thee, somewhat of thy sweet, resigned, and suffering spirit. Thou knowest that I love thee—that my soul delighteth herself in thee, yet cannot attain unto thee, nor come to rest, comfort, or peace.

Oh purify me, though with tenfold fire,
 that so I may in any wise be able to attain, or
 be capable to receive the fruits of thy most
 precious promises, which are all YEA and
 AMEN.

Living Faith and Credence, or Simple Belief, contradistinguished from each other, and set in opposite columns, in order to give a clear and comprehensive view of each, which I believe to be of infinite importance. H. B.

“Mr. Brooke has left a fragment on this subject, which being found imperfect, the Editor has attempted to fill up the hiatus. It is to be lamented, that Mr. Brooke himself did not complete the draft.”

FAITH.

1. Is founded on the direct testimony of God.

2. Its operation is by the Spirit of God, and nature must be silent.

3. Faith attacks; it seeks the combat; and by its progress finally undermines and eradicates sin.

4. Faith alone saves us.

CREDENCE,

1. Is founded on the testimony of Man.

2. Its operation is by reason only.

3. Is not troubled with temptation—with it, the old man can subsist entire.

4. Credence is better than incredulity. It

FAITH,

5. Faith is inward, and strikes at the root of evil, and original sin.

6. Only the children of God can have Faith; and actually have it, with the love of God, from which it is inseparable.

7. Faith is a divine principle producing universal obedience, and all the fruits of righteousness.

8. Faith brings the joys of peace and assurance.

9. Faith gives the final victory.

CREDENCE,

is a stepping-stone to Faith.

5. Credence assists in regulating the exterior; but never goes further.

6. The Devil has credence, but he cannot love.

7. Credence is sense and reason; it never contemplates the breadth of God's law:—it would lower the standard.

8. Credence leaves us in doubts and darkness.

9. Mere credence leaves the sinner to perish.

THE following lines were found written on a piece of paper by Captain Brooke, after the wreck of his fortune at Prosperous; and shortly before he set out for the Island of St. Helena, to which he was appointed Governor, Anno 1788:—

Ten thousand dangers round me rise,
 I look, but with desponding eyes;
 My sickening heart, now scarcely beats,
 My soul seems sunk in dark retreats.
 All human arts and means I've tried
 To save; but all in vain applied.
 With faint despairing voice I cry,
 Oh save me! Oh my God! I die.
 In darkness thus my soul began to pray
 When straight I'm heard!—my darkness turns
 to day.
 I'm saved at once from gulphs of deep dis-
 tress—
 I'm blessed myself, and made his means to
 bless.

Mr. Henry Brooke wrote underneath the following verses:—

When thus desponding we look up,
 With scarce a gleam of faith or hope;
 Our gracious God, already nigh,
 Attends the humble suppliant's cry;
 Averts the sore distress he dreads,
 And temporal mercies richly sheds.

Oh then let faith and prayer ascend,
 For blessings that can never end ;
 For blessings granted from above,
 For blessings rich in peace and love ;
 For blessings of a soul forgiven,
 The blessings of a Saint in Heaven.

AN HYMN.

(By Mr. Brooke.)

WHEN all the storms of life are o'er,
 And death has ship-wrecked us ashore,
 On true Arabia Felix coast,
 Safe lodged in Paradise at last.

With transport, we shall then review
 The deaths, and dangers just come through ;
 Adore our Pilot's wondrous skill,
 For steering oft against our will.

From rocks on which we fearless run,
 Or shoals we could not see, or shun,
 Thro' many a storm and tempest driv'n,
 Safe to our home, with God in Heav'n.

Why then these gloomy doubts and fears,
 These sighs, and groans, and ceaseless tears ;
 Canst thou recall the year that's past,
 Or change the deed that happened last.

Submit, submit,—to heaven resign :
 To guide is *his*,—to yield is *thine* :
 Nor let thy doubting heart rebel,
 All things shall surely finish well.

Th' event howe'er perverse it seems,
 Changed by his hand with mercy teems,
 And all Eternity shall prove,
 Thro' all events, that God is Love.

ANOTHER.

When in the mirror of thy word,
 Thy light and spirit shine :
 How precious every passage Lord !
 How plain is every line,

But when a cloud o'er casts my soul,
 And dulness numbs my heart ;
 A lifeless task I find the whole,
 How dark is every part.

Light of the world illumed by thee,
 What heights and depths abound,
 What lengths and breadths of love I see,
 What mysteries profound.

Jesus in thee the whole I trace,
 The Alpha and Omega Thou !
 Thy life and death and all embrace,
 Shine, O my Saviour, now.

So shall thy sacred Scriptures guide,
 My wandering steps aright :
 Firm in thy paths of peace to abide,
 And all my soul be light.

ANOTHER.

Ah ! grant me Lord, the bliss to feel,
 Of those that are in thee ;
 Thou Son of God, thyself reveal,
 Reveal thyself in me.

Subdue, and slay the man of sin,
 Extirpate all thy foes ;
 Disclose the hidden life within,
 The life of God disclose.

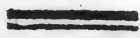
Come live and move and dwell in me,
 According to thy word ;
 That I may full salvation see,
 The life of God restored.

As iron cold, and dark, and dead,
 Into the furnace cast ;
 Warms by degress, grows sparkling red,
 And thoroughly fire at last.

Yet when a sevenfold heat is given,
 It's state's exalted quite ;
 Shines as the dazzling sun in heaven
 All liquid fire, and bright.

So to the furnace of thy love,
 May my cold heart aspire;
 'Till warmed and kindled from above,
 It glows a heavenly fire.

Nor shall my ardours e'er abate,
 Till thus dissolved I prove,
 That souls transfused by heavenly heat
 Are fire, and light, and love.



AN ELEGY ON MR. BROOKE,

(By his Grand-daughter, A. M. D.)

FATHER Supreme! who reigns enthroned
 on high,
 Beneath whose sceptre bows the lofty sky;
 To whom our life, and every gift we owe,
 From whom our knowledge, and our virtues
 flow;
 Inspire my muse, assist my feeble lays,
 Which fain, would celebrate in song, thy servant's
 praise.

Yea, tho' not sounded by the trump of Fame,
 Nor mortal honors registered his name;
 Yet far on high, in yon ethereal vault
 Whose height's unfathomed yet by human
 thought;

There, not on matter made by mortal hands,
 His name inscribed by angels' pen, for ever stands.

Tho' some are born as flowers short to stay,
 By cruel death untimely nipt away;
 Yet he, his course upon this vale of tears
 Was suffered on to fill, his threescore years;
 His term of trial patiently he bore,
 While with his pilot steering to the heavenly shore.

Was it not, Saviour! for thy creature's good,
 So long thy servant in probation stood?
 That the vain unbelieving world might see,
 How blest the life of him who lives to thee:
 Else, would he long before transplanted been,
 T'adorn the paradise above of Heaven's high
 King.

While yet in youth's first dawn, his footsteps
 trod
 The path, which leads the happy soul to
 God;
 And as the rising sun darts forth its rays,
 And by its course, shews forth the Maker's
 praise;
 So did he strive by daily walk to prove,
 'Twas no vain thing indeed, to serve the God of
 love.

Humble and lowly he, when fortune smiled,
 No favours she bestowed his soul beguiled:
 On those who wanted, he his all bestowed,
 That mercy which he felt, to others showed:
 Afflictions deeper proved his heavenly mind;
 In all alike, meek, patient, loving, and resigned.

Why do we mourn, or drop the unfeigned tear,
 As each dear friend just close their last career?
 Is it, because that we are left to weep,
 And still tossed backward on the stormy deep?
 While others, wafted to the vale of rest,
 Repose in safety, leaning on the Saviour's breast.

Why should we weep for this? Oh! doth not
 He
 Who steered them safely o'er the stormy sea;
 Still live to guide us to that happy land,
 If we will give ourselves to his command?
 He'll be our Pilot who did others guide;
 For he that ruleth all so well, can rule the tide.

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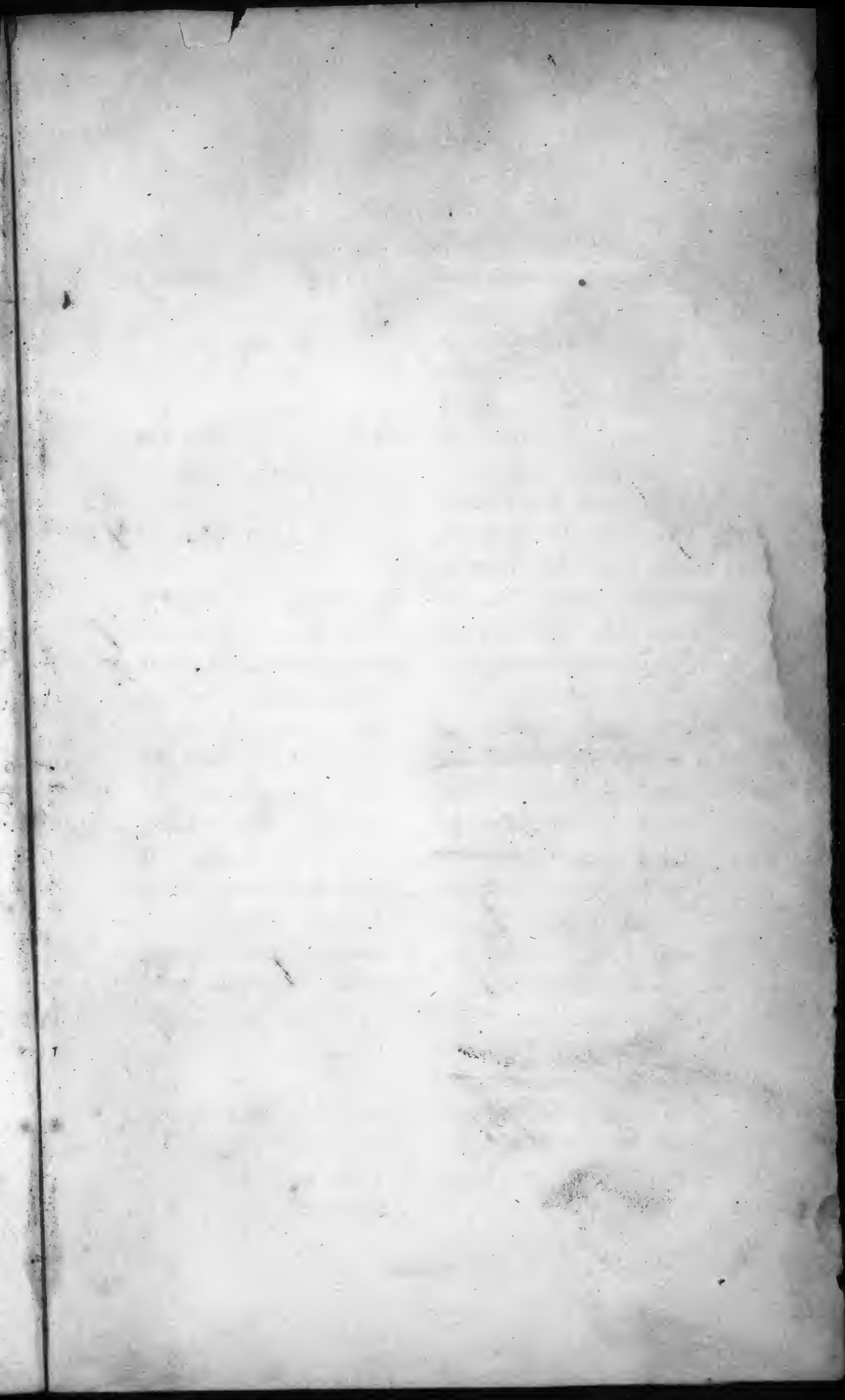
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